

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## A HUMAN WOLF.

A few days ago, a ragged, hungry, but able-bodied and dissolute vagabond walked into a low grocery where cold boiled eggs and musty pies are sold, and, ordering a quantity of these, washed them down with copious draughts of the compound also sold in such places under the name of whisky. When asked for payment, he answered, with a drunken, half-idiotic leer, that "he hadn't any red." Whereupon the indignant keeper of the shop, in the classic language of the reports, "pitched into him," but soon got the worst of the fight, and was probably saved

from serious injury, if not from something worse, by a policeman. The drunken vagrant was taken to the station-house, and duly arraigned next morning before a police court. The keeper of the grocery, or whatever the place was in which the disturbance took place, fearing, perhaps, to offend one of the dangerous classes, prudently kept away, and the penniless, abandoned vagrant was again let loose on society—a veritable human wolf. Before night he became hungry, as wolves do; he had no money; he was ragged, forlorn, forbidding. No one would employ such a sinister wretch, even in the way of "pegging boots," an art that he had learned, it appears,

in the State Prison of Massachusetts. So he stole a knife from a shoe shop where he had vainly applied for work, and wandered about the streets a homeless, starving outcast, without a refuge or a friend. He finally came to a small cellar grocery, in Hudson street, kept by a poor, honest, hardworking man, with a large family, which he struggled manfully to support. The wolf entered the humble shop, to steal, perhaps, if he could, but certainly to demand food and a place where he could sleep.

To such a demand the exemplary and frugal citizen could not respond, and he asked the wolf to leave. More than that, he exerted some

force, it appears, to make him do so. A tussle ensued, and the wolf stabs him to the heart. For a wonder, the wolf is caged on the spot, taken to prison, and, since the rack has been abolished, submitted to the torture of "inter-viewing." He is told of the extent of his crime, of which he seems to have been ignorant, and also of the nature of the punishment that usually follows on it. But he, wail, wanderer, vagabond, as he is, has lived long enough in New York to know that in this city capital crimes are rarely punished. He answers: "Yes, boss, but they don't hang any longer for murder!" And in saying this, he simply gave expression to the conviction, only



NEW YORK CITY.—THE RECEPTION TO PRINCE ARTHUR, AT DELMONICO'S, ON THE NIGHT OF TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1.—SEE PAGE 370.



too well founded, that pervades the "dangerous classes."

Who are they, citizens of New York, that have given sufficient reason to ruffians, thieves, and murderers to believe, if not in absolute immunity for crime, that even murder will be visited with nothing worse than "a few months up the river"? The wolf asks, "I say, boss, for how long do you think they'll send me up?"

But the wolf is mistaken for once. He will be hung. We do not share the fears of our contemporary of the *Times* on that point. The authorities cannot afford to shelter murderers, except they are political adherents and tools, like Real and Jackson. Such forlorn outcasts and roaming vagabonds as this wretch Reynolds, or Bream, are of no use to them, and they feel real comfort in getting hold of a criminal of that character, without money or influence, not even fit to be a repeater, and vindicate the majesty of the law on his wretched carcass! They argue that the public demand for justice, sometimes loud and threatening, will be quieted down by an example, and a calm follow, during which the murderers who are useful for party purposes may manage to escape from the clutches of the law, without exciting more than a passing remark or a brief paragraph. Yes, indeed, Jack Reynolds, you will find that "hanging" is not "played out in New York." Whatever you might in time have become, you are not, and never were a deputy sheriff! You never stopped long enough in any place, when you were out of prison, to acquire local influence, and make yourself a power among your fellows. The British Government kept you in ignorance and poverty at the outset, and let you loose on our shores, a *pariah*, to follow your own savage instincts and impulses. If there ever was a spark of humanity in you, it was quenched and trodden out in the dozen prisons and penitentiaries in which most of your life has been spent. Society has treated you like a wild beast, and you have finally become a wolf. You must swing!

No one, it is true, imagines that you went into Townsend's cellar to kill him. You went as a wolf might go for food, and in your disappointment, and with instinctive resistance to force, you stabbed him fatally. There was clearly no malice aforethought in the matter; no deliberate intent to murder. You did not scheme and plot beforehand; lay in wait and shoot from ambush, as Real did. Nor did you chase down an unarmed man, and shoot him in the back, as Jackson did. No coroner's jury was found, as you know, to try to get you off without even a trial by a verdict that you killed Townsend "partly in self-defense," albeit there was a struggle between you, while there was none at all between Jackson and his victim. But Real and Jackson will get off, and you will hang, Jack Reynolds! It will be better for you and the world; for you are debased beyond recall, and so broken down by rum and misery, that you are not fit even to be a deputy sheriff in New York city!

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
537 Pearl Street, New York.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 19, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

#### HEALTH SENSATIONS.

THE dying swan, in whom no music exists, is reported to sing most melodiously and touchingly as he receives the fatal summons to depart from life. Our Board of Health seem emulous of this poor insect—as Mark Twain calls this beautiful bird—for they, with their expiring breath, have succeeded in creating a panic about smallpox, which has made a small fortune for the doctors, by increasing the demand for vaccination; and, not satisfied with that, have just started a new sensation, by stuffing the newspaper reporters with the "horrible details" of an alleged new disease, which they call Relapsing Fever.

Now, we consider that there is great difference in the morality of panics and speculations. It is all fair, possibly, for one to originate a tale that shall raise or lower the price of Erie and New York Central Railroad stocks. Their fluctuations are of no moment, and rarely affect any except stock gamblers; but a speculation undertaken in flour, or salt, or any absolute necessity of life, is an offense not to be easily forgiven.

A panic in a matter of health, whereby the whole community is made uneasy, and in individuals a fright produced which may actually result in death, simply to magnify the imaginary services of a physician or the supposed guardians of the public health, is culpable.

There has been this winter in this city an amount of smallpox scarcely worthy of especial attention. This disease is ever present, and

especially in the winter season, and there has been no more—even far less—than has existed many seasons in the past without a comment. But the Board of Health have undertaken to prove their efficiency, and they will claim hereafter to have done wondrous service by arresting its spread, and all this merely to magnify their office. The actual result has been to frighten many to having themselves and families unnecessarily revaccinated at a cost of five to fifty dollars per family; to so thoroughly frighten country merchants and people generally, as to have effectually deterred them from visiting the city, and thus to have produced a loss to the merchants of New York of many hundred thousands of dollars—and all this simply in the hope that they may retain their offices and draw their salaries. It would have been cheap for the merchants to have pensioned off these officials, and thus to have avoided the useless panic, for it is notorious that the bulletins stating how efficiently the Board of Health were controlling the disease, and the articles in the *Herald* and other papers upon the great prevalence of the disease, emanated from the same official source.

But, unfortunately, there is a lull, as everybody is now revaccinated, and the doctors have reaped their crop of fees; so now a new disease is invented. Relapsing Fever is the name which is to designate a newly discovered disease of horrible malignity, although no one has ever died by it; and it is alleged to be caused by dirt and filth, especially in dirty streets—and the Board of Health is great when dirty streets are the subject of complaint. The Board of Health would like to have the little job of supplementing the cleaning of the streets as at present performed. They would effectually draw any desired amount of pay, and be remarkably free from any especial responsibility. If a street is found dirty, then it is the contractor's fault; if clean, then it is the work of the Board of Health!

The truth of the matter is probably about this. There has been a very open winter. It has been too cold for the occupants of the poorer portions of the city to keep their windows and doors open, and thus obtain full ventilation. The streets have not been cleaned as in summer weather. There has not been the tonic atmosphere of ordinary winters, and the ventilation which cold breezes make in the interior of every house. The result has been some typhus and typhoid fevers. These have had the usual relapses. These are diseases in which relapse is very common. Typhus fever assumes many forms. To the common mind there are as many diseases as forms. Spotted fever, black tongue, black measles, malignant typhus, ship fever, and many others, pass current with the community as distinct and direful diseases. It was an idea for the dying swan to coin a new name and add a new horror to the community—"Relapsing Fever!"

Why should that name be sounded more than—typhus?

Sound them together. It becomes the mouth as well. Weigh them. It is as heavy. Conjure with them. Typhus will raise a sensation as soon as "Relapsing."

Now, in the name of all the gods at once, why couldn't the Board of Health kick the bucket and go out of office quietly?

When panics are excited by quack doctors, of no position, it is bad enough, and to be expected; but when the Board of Health, whose duty it is to quietly do something to soothe the public fears, go out of their way to not only add fuel to the fire, and distress the public mind by furnishing incendiary reports and exaggerated statements to the young and easily deluded reporters for the public press; when, too, these reports, even if true, can have no public benefit by their being spread broadcast, and with such anxious haste, paralyzing an unusually depressed business; when all the possible good that could be done could be effected by a few shovels and carts in a very small portion of the city; when there is no vaccination or other preventive possible; when all the real aim is to throw obloquy upon one of their own members, by alleging that it came, unchallenged, through Quarantine from Europe, by the neglect of the Health Officer—then we think it is full time that such a Health Board is swept away by the besom of reform. Let us return to first principles, and let a City Inspector, with proper subordinates, take the place of a Board which has too many enemies, and especially too many friends, and more especially when their principal friends are their own noble selves.

#### PRINCE ARTHUR.

"His excellency bore it wonderfully well," remarked one of the attending physicians to Dupuytren, who had just performed a severe operation on the person of a distinguished member of Louis Philippe's court.

"Pretty well for an excellency," replied the great surgeon; "nothing to speak of in a water-carrier."

All things considered, the young gentleman who called "Prince Arthur" has departed himself

"pretty well" since he came among us, and, what is still better, the attentions bestowed on him have savored less of flunkymism than is usual on similar occasions.

The subject furnishes something to think about. When Charles Dickens was ready to leave us, two years ago, the Press of the United States united to give him a dinner at Delmonico's. At that dinner the ready intellect of the land was largely represented. The persons present wielded an influence greater than the executive power of the country or the armies of the republic. They controlled rumormongers.

Contrast with these the persons who united on the same spot (Delmonico's) the other evening, to welcome Prince Arthur! Yet each, after its kind, has been entirely appropriate.

The Prince is taken up in New York by the financial interest. True, a large sprinkling of fashion forms part and parcel of the entertainment; but "United States securities, and a steady market for them," is the text which the chief promoters have had at heart.

To the three particular banking-houses who led the van in doing homage to the youth, the whole affair will prove a "first-rate advertisement," worth, in good pounds sterling, on the other side, at least a thousand per cent. on their advances. The result is precisely as it should be. The Yankee men of money have laid hold of young Arthur as they would of a first-rate fresh security about to be launched on the market, which they wished the monopoly of; and the speculation is an entire success.

#### THE POPULAR PISTOL—A RULING CUSTOM.

THE present number of FRANK LESLIE'S *BUDGET OF FUN* contains a page cartoon, which ought to move the deep and thoughtful consideration of every good citizen. It is called "The Pistol," and records the pictorial history of that abominable instrument from the cradle to the grave. Since Holbein's famous "Dance of Death," we have had nothing more painfully characteristic of the period. It demands and really deserves the careful study of all.

The most casual observer cannot fail to notice how prevalent a pastime that deadly weapon has become.

In the hands of the most temperate men, such an instrument is dangerous, for the most inveterate water-drinker and calmest man may be provoked, by some sudden insult, to throw his prudence overboard and revenge himself on the instant, as we have lately had an instance of in Pierre Bonaparte. But when it is remembered that the class which carries these murderous weapons are men who habitually inflame their untamed passions, or drown their reason in liquor, the matter becomes of the deepest importance. Every man of this kind thus armed is a professional murderer, roaming about our crowded thoroughfares, only waiting for an opportunity to carry out his natural instincts and his acquired habits.

Thackeray says that "nothing more kept alive the cruel bigotry of the English masses than the celebration of the Guy Fawkes anniversary," and we may observe that the insane manner in which our thoughtless citizens celebrate our Fourth of July has much to do with that popularization of the pistol which seems to be a part and parcel of the education of our youth. The good sense of the English people has lately abolished the Gunpowder Treason absurdity; let us hope that the good sense of our citizens will likewise abolish the custom of putting pistols into the hands of the rising generation, for from that small practice the larger evil flows.

#### FAILURES.

ONE index of the soundness of the industry and business of a country may be found in the number and extent of suspensions and failures. The *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* publishes the annual aggregates of these from 1857 to date. In that year there were throughout the United States 4,932 failures, involving liabilities to the amount of \$291,750,000. In 1861 there were 6,993, involving \$207,210,000. In 1869 there were but 2,799 failures, and the amount involved but \$75,054,000. And yet, probably, in the memory of the present generation, there have not been twelve months of greater trouble in the financial machinery, and more severe and continuous spasms in the money market, than during the year just closed. Still, notwithstanding all this, the failures have been less in amount than in 1867, and scarcely more than one-third of what they were in 1861. To give full force to this fact, it must be remembered that the number of persons engaged in the internal commerce of the country is much greater than ever before.

A BRIEF controversy is going on in Europe respecting the slaughter of sparrows, which may have some interest, since these cheerful little creatures have been so largely introduced here. Professor Glebell, of Halle, announces in the *New Prussian Gazette* that, after investiga-

tion of the stomachs of sparrows, he feels no doubt that the bird in question is an extremely useful one. Out of fifty-three young sparrows which were examined between the 18th of April and the 24th of June, forty-six had eaten insects only, against seven which had eaten grain almost exclusively. Of forty-six old sparrows whose insides were examined during the same period, three only were found to be vegetarians. The Hanoverian superintendent, Oberdieck, however, declares that the yearly damage which the sparrows do in Hanover amounts to fifty thousand bushels of cereals; but he made this alarming computation by the autopsy of a single sparrow, and Professor Glebell maintains, with justice, that to make three millions of sparrows responsible for the contents of the stomach of one of their tribe is most unfair. One might as well hold the whole human race responsible for the contents of an alderman's paunch.

THE talk of attempting to fund, or, rather, refund our five-twenties at a lower rate of interest than at present, and at the present time, is evil. Our funded debt is just getting to be understood, and the value of our securities just getting to be fixed and permanent—that is to say, removed from the speculation and gambling arena. Do not let us, for the present, at least, do anything to make holders anxious to dispose of them in anticipation of any new funding legislation. As observed by a financial contemporary:

"The next funding operation must be final, and as we are certainly not ready for it, all attempts at its negotiation must inevitably end in disappointment, if not in more serious mischief still. There is reason to fear that the efforts to impart an element of uncertainty to our Government securities have induced multitudes of investors in all parts of the country to change their Government securities for railroad and other bonds of far inferior character. The hazard of disturbing the five-twenties resides not only in the probability that any effort at refunding would be unsuccessful at present, but also in the fact that the Government securities lie at the foundation of the financial machinery of the country, and that any attempt to disturb those foundations would not fail to cause perturbation and widespread mischief throughout the movements of monetary and industrial enterprise."

THE Rev. Newman Hall, an English minister, or missionary, having spent some months in this country, has, as a matter of course, published a book. It is mainly pious twaddle, but with an unconscious good plum here and there, and this is one. He went to West Point (being a disciple of the Prince of Peace), and returning home from a torchlight review of the military students, tumbled into a ditch—a proceeding perfectly proper for ordinary sinners, and suggestive of not being teetotalers, but a little awkward for a clergyman. He relates:

"Next morning I found my wrist swollen, and I had to carry my arm in a sling for a week. At breakfast I mentioned the circumstance to an American, who inquired what ailed me. His remark was peculiar. 'Oh, you Britishers—you've no intellects!' 'Indeed!' said I; 'pray, sir, what do you mean?' 'Why, in your country there would have been a lamp and a rail.' 'Just so,' I answered, 'and that, I think, is a proof that we have intellects.' 'You don't see what I mean; you don't use your intellects. Why, if such a thing were to happen in your country, I guess you'd bring an action against the man who left the road like that. You'll get no damages in this country, I tell you. In your country, if a man asks me to go down a mine with him, I go at once without question. But if asked to do so here, I first look at the basket, and the rope, and the engine, and see that all's right before I trust my life to him. In your country they take care of you without your having to take care of yourself. In this country you must use your intellect, sir. Take my advice—use your intellect.'"

IN the halls of the American Philosophical Society is the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, as it came from the hand of Lee, when he had made some alterations after Jefferson had drawn it up. This document is remarkable, as it presents the celebrated paragraph which was stricken out. It reads thus:

"He (the present King of Great Britain) has waged war against human nature itself; violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty, in the persons of a distant people, who never offended him; captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of *infidel* powers, is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce, and that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms against us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people upon whom he also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the *liberties* of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the *lives* of another."

THE President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has addressed a letter to the Board of Health concerning the manner in which pure country milk is produced in Brooklyn. Here is his vivid picture of a milk-making establishment in the City of Churches:

"The animals are confined in badly ventilated stables, without exercise, with scarcely room to lie down, and they become positively rotten, the poisonous virus sometimes actually dropping from their bodies; and while in this condition they are milked, and the horrid liquid is sold and consumed by the inhabitants. The dead-cart makes daily visits to this



frightful shamble-house, where it may be seen waiting, in some instances, for the very bodies of animals, then actually dying while being milked."

THE exports of cotton (current crop) are likely to realize about \$170,000,000 in gold, and the whole crop not less than \$280,000,000. The grain crops of the current year have been so abundant as to reduce the price of flour to about the rates of 1860. As an indication of the increase in the exports of Western and Northern produce, we present the following statement of the shipments from New York from June 22 to December 14, compared with the same period of last year:

June 22 to December 14, 1869.....	\$106,104,000
Same period, 1868.....	76,576,000
Increase.....	\$29,528,000

We thus have an increase in the produce exports, at this port alone, of \$29,528,000 for twenty-five weeks. The wool crop also has been so large that the value of the staple is very nearly at ante-war prices. The production of coal seems to be ample; at least so great as to bring down its cost within range of moderate means. Of course, with large production in these staples and necessities, combined with the decline in gold, prices of all kinds, labor included, must come down; but what of it, if a dollar buys more than two dollars did before?

*Il Progresso Educativo*, a monthly journal published at Naples, gives the following deplorable statistics about the state of education in the province of Reggio (Calabria): Of the population above four years of age, ninety-one of every hundred inhabitants are unable to read or write—eighty-six per cent. of the men and ninety-seven per cent. of the women. The ignorance is, as one would expect, greater in the country than in the towns and larger villages. In the country ninety-eight per cent. of the women are unable to read or write.

### CANDY-EATING.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M. D.

EVERY little while the public mind is excited respecting the alleged unhealthiness of some of the ordinary articles of food. Last year it was the trichina in meats, especially in pork, and so seriously did this question affect the consumption of the latter, that for a time the price was markedly lowered. At another period the ill arising from swill milk agitate the community. These excitements are of temporary duration, and, as the bosom of a placid lake, ruffled by schoolboys' pebbles, soon becomes smooth, so these excitements soon pass away, and matters resume their ordinary course. To-day the interest is centered upon candies, and the old question, so oft mooted, is again brought up and discussed, relative to the healthiness of candies generally.

There is in this, as in most other similar questions, a common-sense view, alike distant from either extreme, and this I will endeavor to point out.

Sugar is one of the most valuable alimentary principles in the food of man, among which we may enumerate albumen, gelatine, fat, starch, gum, etc. Now, while these elements enter, in various combinations, into all our food, and in this form are most nutritious, each contributing its proportion toward the general support of the body, each one alone is, generally speaking, incapable of continuing life for any prolonged period. Experiments upon dogs evince this fact. Sugar is found in almost every form of our food, and is thus one of the most important of the nutritious elements.

Those, therefore, who assert that candy-eating is injurious, must do so from some additional reason.

Candy is simply flavored sugar. If it is improperly made, adulterated, or rendered poisonous by coloring matter, the charge should not be made against candy, but against false or fraudulent candy. If dishonest makers add *terra alba*—a white aluminous earth of no value—or plaster or clay, to cheapen its cost, or if they color it with poisonous pigments to obtain a cheap brilliancy, it is no argument against pure candies. These frauds are daily committed, and so serious are the results, that many children are yearly killed by the direct action of the arsenic and verdigris used in this foul manufacture. The argument is, then, against buying candies from unprincipled, and generally from unknown makers.

But is pure candy wholesome? Most certainly it is.

I do not say that you should keep your child's pocket filled with sugar-plums; neither should they have them filled with peanuts, or raisins, or figs—all of which are, like sugar-candy, healthy, and proper to be eaten at proper times and in proper quantities. As I have repeatedly said in previous articles respecting the use of vinous and spirituous drinks, everything on the earth was intended for the use of man, whose duty is to use, and not abuse, these varied gifts of God. Sugar is undeniably a proper article of food, both in its natural union with other articles of food, or separated by the cunning of man.

Candy should not be habitually eaten at irregular times, so as to destroy the healthy appetite for food, but it may appear with advantage at the dessert, and may advantageously form part of the ordinary meal. In this manner it will be found more healthful, less expensive, and far more agreeable, than the pies and puddings generally seen on the family table. From my youth I have been in the habit of

seeing a pound of candy serve as a substitute for the tarts so generally seen as the after-dinner *bonne bouche*.

It is incorrectly alleged that sugar is injurious to the teeth, and some erroneous statements have been made that a simple syrup will dissolve a tooth placed in it. There is no truth in these statements. The facts are simply these: sugar dissolved in water, and heated, soon turns acid, and this acid may injure the teeth. Again, sugar eaten to such excess as to disturb the digestion, will, as well as many other forms of nutriment, produce acid saliva, which acts injuriously upon the teeth. Indeed, it is the fact that while teeth are affected by the food lodging between them, acidifying and acting on the teeth, far more are destroyed by the acrid secretions from the glands which furnish the saliva lubricating the mouth, the result of acidity of the stomach from dyspeptic difficulties. This fact is obvious from observing teeth which are decayed before they are fully grown, and even sometimes before they cut through the gum and are visible to the eye.

Candies are among the luxuries of the civilized world, and we should eat them as food when we desire, not, as is too often the case, between meals. We should recognize the fact that sugar quickly ferments, and carefully rinse the mouth free from all remains.

Finally, we should exercise especial care in eating sugar-plums, which are very apt to be made of flour, plaster or *terra alba*, with a covering of sugar externally. These adulterations are easily recognized, for if a piece of the candy is dissolved in water, these insoluble ingredients fall to the bottom. We should avoid all candies of high colors, especially bright greens, which, when very bright and handsome, are invariably colored with deleterious substances.

When you buy candy yourself, go to Mallard's, Ridley's, or to Hodgkin's old store in Greenwich street, near Courtlandt, now kept by Smith, or any other that you know makes pure candies. I made very careful scientific examinations of these manufactories more than ten years ago, going over the establishments carefully, and prying into the coloring materials and flavors used by them, and can therefore assuredly state the absolute purity of the goods produced by these makers. The reports I then made were published in the medical journals of the day in this city, in connection with other hygienic investigations, and it was at the time of a similar public excitement respecting the deleterious character of certain new flavors of banana, nectarine, and the like, made by certain compounds of fusel oil.

The truth is now, as it was then, that certain unprincipled men will adopt any means to undersell their competitors. If a few individuals are made severely sick, and a score of delicate children are killed, it is of little consequence to them, provided the trade is secured.

It is a safe rule to look with suspicion upon everything that is offered unusually cheap. If it is jewelry, it is apt to be stolen property; if fur, it is moth-eaten; if lace, it is rotten; if poultry, it is kept too long; if it is coal, it is short weight; if it is candy, it is of a deleterious compound.

### THE RECEPTION OF PRINCE ARTHUR AT DELMONICO'S.

ON the evening of the 1st inst., a special reception and introduction by the *elite* of New York society was given at Delmonico's to Prince Arthur, of England. The reception was gotten up at the instance of General John A. Dix and thirty-five others; and the invitations, including those to the invited, did not exceed three hundred and sixty. Excepting the publication of some witlessisms in the cheap press at the expense of the "thirty-six," the preliminary business was conducted without unusual parade, and the reception itself was exceedingly quiet. The guests and hosts arrived, for extremely fashionable people, at an early hour, and enjoyed themselves without making any of those ridiculous mistakes the envious wits, who were not invited, declared would be the rule and not the exception at the ball and supper of the "thirty-six gentlemen." At eleven o'clock, escorted by a committee of "grave and reverend seignors," the royal guest entered the ball-room, the band, concealed by camellia-trees in flower, and rare tropical plants in full bloom, playing the national anthem of England. The announcement of the presence of the prince excited little comment, and less staring into his fresh, blonde face. Feeling himself entirely at liberty, unembarrassed by the at times, perhaps, too excessive but kindly-meant attentions of those surrounding, the—his lion of the night—third son of Queen Victoria danced decorously, if not gracefully, until the hour of supper, when the distinguished visitor was escorted to a private apartment by a committee, consisting of Messrs. Wm. B. Duncan, M. H. Grinnell and J. H. Dix. The meal discussed, the gentlemen named returned with the prince to the ball-room, where he again entered with seeming zest into the pleasures of the dance until about half-past one A. M. of Wednesday, and then made his *congé*. Upon his departure, the ball was brought to a close, the guests quietly retiring. The reception was admirably and, without unnecessary delay, unostentatiously conducted. The decorations were simple, almost to severity. There was no bunting, no tawdry nonsense.

As our engraving of the reception presents the room—the ottoman band placed on a raised platform, and concealed by luxuriant palm and other inter-tropical plants, and the rare, at this season, sweet-smelling camellia-flowers—the prince is seen in a gallop, his partner, the niece of the Collector of the Port, Mr. Grinnell. The dances of the evening were what are technically called "round," and principally confined to the waltz; and it was noticed by those who are *au fait* in salatory movements that, however "excellently well" developed his mind may be, the royal gentleman's feet have been but indifferently educated to the pleasures

which attend on the light fantastic. Or, in plainer words, the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha is excessively awkward on the floor in polka, gallop and waltz. Were he other than the son of Victoria, by our republican ladies he would be pronounced rude, if not decidedly "boorish." But it is said he has other qualities, of the head and heart, which amply compensate for his want of deftness in "heel and toe," and ladies should not, therefore, complain if his Highness, in his efforts to please, accidentally tears into valueless shreds the rich lace trimmings which adorn their costly evening dresses.

### BOOK NOTICES.

CONJUGAL SINS AGAINST THE LAWS OF LIFE AND HEALTH, AND THEIR EFFECTS UPON FATHER, MOTHER AND CHILD. By A. K. GARDNER, A.M., M.D. New York: J. S. Redfield.

That such a book from high medical authority was called for, may appear from the fact that some of the evils exposed in its pages have been recently made the subject of denunciations from the pulpit by several eminent American clergymen, and that Bishop Cox thought it not improper to allude to them in a pastoral address. The title of the book indicates, to some extent, the subjects treated of. Among these are: "The Modern Woman's Physical Deterioration," "Local Disease in Children, and its Causes," "At What Age Should One Marry?" "Is Continence Physically Injurious?" "Methods Used to Prevent Conception, and their Consequences," "Infanticide," "Marriage Between Old Men and Young Girls." It seems to have been the author's aim, in what he says on these topics and others not named, to present the idea so fully as to make the desired impression upon the minds of his readers, and at the same time to avoid ministering to the prurient curiosity of the thoughtless or depraved. That he has admirably performed his task all who read the work will testify. No one, young or old, should be without the important information it contains.

### NEW BOOKS, ETC., RECEIVED.

FROM SCRIBNER, WELFORD & CO.: Vols. V. and VI. of "Froude's History of England," extending to the death of Queen Mary; also two very neat little volumes of the Bayard Series—Buchanan's "Ballad Stories of the Affections," from the Scandinavian, and "Abdallah, or The Four-Leaved Shamrock," translated from the French of Laboulaye, by Mary L. Booth.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS: "Ernest Linwood," and "Eoline, or Magnolia Vale," by Caroline Lee Hentz.

FROM L. FRANK & CO., Boston: Two chromolithographs—"Easter Morning," after Mrs. James M. Hart; and "Playing Mother," after J. G. Brown—both fine specimens of brilliant coloring.

### SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

DURING the year 1869 Great Britain produced of coal 103,141,157 tons of coal, valued at \$128,926,445; of iron ore 10,169,231 tons, valued at \$15,980,000; of pig iron, 4,970,300 tons, valued at \$61,969,400. The total value of metals and minerals of all kinds produced during the same year was \$217,627,620.

TEA-TREES have been planted in considerable numbers by the Japanese colony near Placerville, California, and are growing well. In Japan the tea shrub attains, in the cultivated variety, a height of only four to six feet. In California we may expect to find it grow rapidly and obtain greater size, if it follows the example of everything else Californian. The new plants at the Japanese plantations are all raised from the nut or seed.

MASTER HUMPHREY MORLEY, who published "Instructions for Forreine Travel" in 1642, advises the traveler to use his eyes above all things. And in exalting the wonderful powers of the eye, he dwells on "its preeminence of all the rest for the wonderful quickness of its motion, which is such that it makes the effect seem to fore-run the cause, as we see the lightning before we hear the thunder, though thunder be first in Nature, being by the violent eruption it makes out of a Cloud, the cause of such fulguration."

MARYLAND has 373 square miles of oyster-beds, 92 of which are closely covered, and the rest scattering. To protect these treasures, a regular commission has been appointed, of which the head officer has just made a report to the Legislature. He calls for an amendment of the laws, which, if secured, he thinks will provide for the employment of 20,000 men. At present 573 dredging-vessels and 1,908 canoes are licensed for the traffic. The annual product is 3,500,000 bushels. The consumption of bivalves is immense, and is annually increasing, but as each adult oyster generates about one million young a year, the supply will hardly give out.

THE *Mobile Daily Register* of the 13th is printed upon paper manufactured entirely from the okra plant at the Chickasawogee mills, about twenty miles from that city. The paper has a good body, is strong, free from moles and other imperfections, but is less opaque than a similar quality of paper made from rags. In color it is not quite up to the mark, but this proceeds, no doubt, rather from the water used in the manufacture than the material. We suppose the superabundance of rain at this season has made the water at the mills more turbid than usual. The sample, however, proves that the okra plant is a good material for printing-paper—far better than the straw.

It is difficult to draw an exact line between the two morbid conditions of the mind represented by the words Eccentricity and Insanity. For example, what are we to say was "the matter" with the individual who lately made a will leaving all his money away from his relatives to found a sort of asylum for cats? The following is the last provision in the will: "I have all my life been taught to believe that everything in and about man was intended to be useful, and that it was man's duty, as lord of animals, to protect all the lesser species, even as God protects and watches over him. For these two combined reasons—first, that my body, even after death, may continue to be made useful; and, secondly, that it may be made instrumental, as far as possible, in furnishing a substitute for the protection of the bodies of my dear friends, the cats—I do hereby devise and bequeath the intestines of my body, to be made up into fiddlestrings, the proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of an accordion, which shall be played in the auditorium of the Cat Infirmary by one of the regular nurses, to be selected for that purpose exclusively—the playing to be kept up for ever and ever without cessation day or night, in order that the cats may have the privilege of always hearing and enjoying that instrument which is the nearest approach to their natural voice."

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MILWAUKIE is to have another theatre.

KATE DENIN is playing in "Ixion" in Brigham Young's Theatre.

THE Parepa-Rosa Opera Troupe is making a tour through Connecticut.

MISS MINNIE HAUCK is still singing in Moscow, and has lately been playing Elvira.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has just been done up in a five-act melodrama by a San Franciscan.

GOTTSCHALK was of German origin, and his name signified in that dialect "God's servant."

JOHN BROUGHAM is writing a local drama expressly for Leona Cavender. He has it nearly completed.

MILLE SCHNEIDER recently sang at Nice for the benefit of the poor, and Offenbach himself led the orchestra.

CHARLES MATHEWS, Jr., made his debut quite successfully on the occasion of his father's farewell benefit in London.

MILLE TITIENS is a trump card which an operatic company may play at any time with perfect certainty as to the result.

MR. J. LEVY, the well-known cornet player, was at one time leading cornet in the band of one of the British regiments of Guards.

MATILDA PHILLIPS, a sister of Adelaide, now studying in London, under Garcia, promises finely. She will study another year.

VERDI sent ten thousand francs to the daughter of the late Signor Flavi, who wrote the librettos of several of his best operas.

A DIFFICULTY with the manager of the Bologna Theatre has indefinitely postponed the performance of the Rossini requiem, composed by Verdi and others.

MISS KATE BATEMAN is about twenty-eight. She and her sister Ella appeared upon the London stage when they were respectively nine and seven years of age.

MR. J. J. WATSON, now traveling with Ole Bull as his agent, is preparing a biography of the great virtuoso. Mr. Watson is himself a violinist of considerable note.

At the funeral of Miss Hattie S. Putnam, at Chester, Vt., six young ladies, appropriately dressed for the occasion, acted as pall-bearers, and sang a dirge at the grave.

J. L. TOOLE, the great London comedian, contemplates a visit to America. He has accepted a new piece by Mr. Howard Paul, with the bizarre title, "Love in a Trombone."

MISS CUSHMAN has reached her house in Rome better, but far from being restored. She is troubled with a cancerous affection, for which a surgical operation has been performed.

THE King of Bavaria has decided that in future the anniversaries of the births of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber shall be celebrated at the Theatre Royal of Munich with extraordinary performances.

A SEASON of Italian opera was concluded at the National Theatre, Washington, on January 29th, by the Max Maretzek troupe. The season embraced seven performances, which were witnessed by large audiences.

THE Lyceum, late Trowbridge Opera-House, Boston, opened on February 7th, under the management of Charles Thorne, Jr., with the burlesque of "Bad Dickey," introducing Fanny Herring and a burlesque troupe.

MILLE NILSSON has reappeared on the stage after an absence of eight months, the greater part of which time has been passed in England. Her *re-entry* was made in the character of Ophelia, by far the most striking in her repertoire.

THE "Gazette Musicale," of Milan, gives a list of the new Italian operas played in Italy or abroad in the year 1869. Including "Une Foie à Rome," written first in the language, thirty-two original works were produced. Of that number only four were real successes.

A SONG that is just now very popular in the London music halls has the unusual feature of funniness in the idea. The chorus runs thus:

I saw Esau kissing Kate,  
And the fact is we all three saw;  
For I saw Esau, he saw me,  
And she saw I saw Esau.

THE great sensation of a new comic opera in Paris is made by a chorus of mutes. The mutes of a Turkish seraglio are ranged across the stage, expressing with their lips the sounds they do not sing. At certain moments, upon a very high note given out by all the violins together, the silent choristers extend their arms with a movement said to be irresistibly laughable.

THE Brignoli Opera Troupe gave a concert at the Academy of Music, Omaha, on Sunday, January 23d. Miss McCullough sang the "Last Rose of Summer" in Italian. For the *encore* she sang "The Nightingale's Trill." Miss Henne received the most applause of the evening for her rendition of "Then you'll sometimes think of me," and charmed all by her pleasing manner.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL plays Drogan in "Genevieve" as a tenor, and displays remarkable versatility in her various masculine disguises. At the conclusion of the performance at the French Theatre, the Opera Company, headed by Mrs. Howard Paul, will visit Philadelphia, Boston, and some of the New England cities. Prince Arthur looked in on the "Grand Duchesse" on Wednesday evening last.

DODD, the comedian, was very fond of a long story. Being in company one night, he began at twelve o'clock to relate a journey he had taken to Bath; and, at six o'clock in the morning, he had proceeded no further than Devizes, a little more than half the distance. The company then rose to separate, when Dodd, who could not bear to be curtailed in his narrative, cried, "Don't go yet; stay and hear it out, and upon my soul I'll make it interesting!"

GOTTSCHALK leaves many unpublished works, including three operas, one of which—"Isaura de Salerno"—was his favorite composition, and upon which he constantly worked to perfect it. His intentions were, upon leaving Brazil, to give a series of concerts in the United States, and afterward to go to Europe and bring out his unpublished compositions, and then make a journey to Palestine to visit the holy places, as he had promised his mother to do when she died.

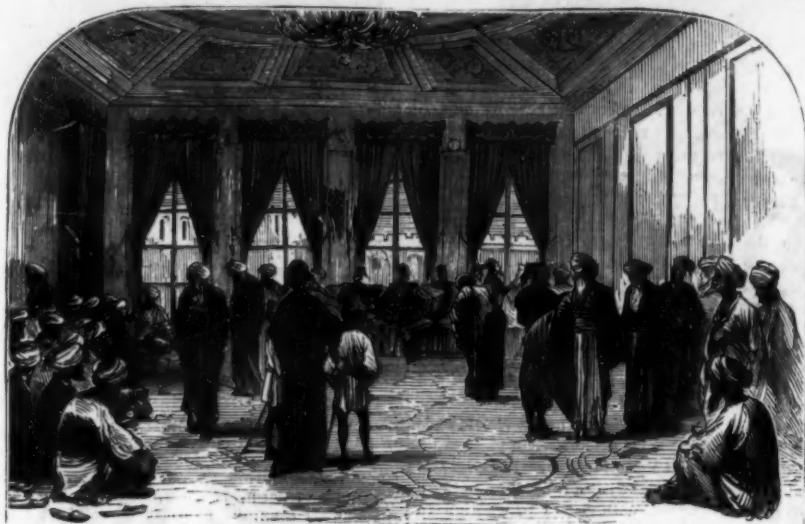
"FIGARO" says: "All I remember about Gottschalk morally is, that he was more than generous to friend and foe; that his charities were without limit or stint; that he always had an open heart and an open hand for his brother artists; that he was devoted to the last drop of his blood to his family; that he was passionately fond of children; that he never prostituted his art to base purposes; that he loved his country best in her darkest hours; that his devotion to truth in every department of art and science was an absolute worship; and, finally, that I never heard him speak ill of any human being." What fitter eulogy for America's great pianist!



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 383.



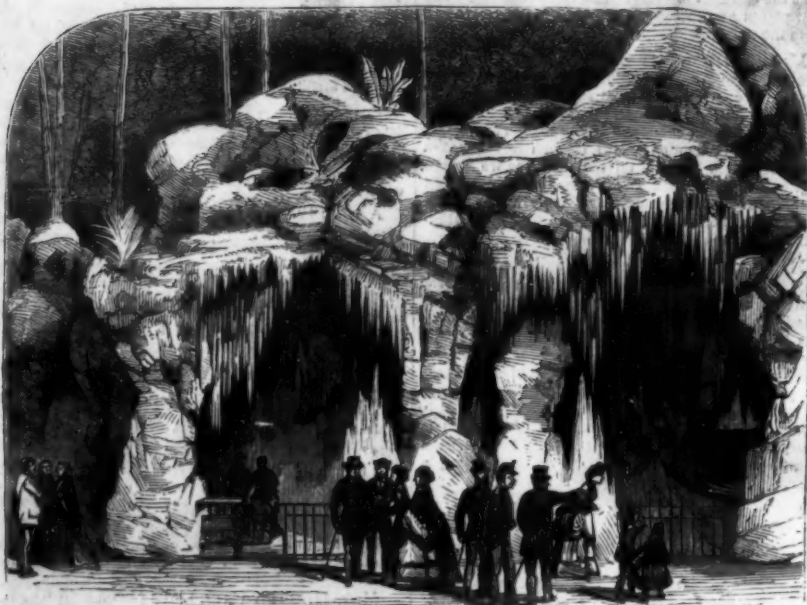
ENGLAND.—THE WOLF ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, HARBOR OF FUNCHAL, CORNWALL.



EGYPT.—DISTRIBUTION OF THE HOLY BIBLES, ON THE EVE OF THE FAST OF RAMADAN, IN THE PALACE OF THE CITADEL, CAIRO.



SPAIN.—THE INHABITANTS OF SARAGOSSA SERENADING DON CARLOS, MINISTER OF GRACE AND JUSTICE.



BELGIUM.—THE NEW AQUARIUM IN THE ROYAL GARDEN OF ZOOLOGY AND HORTICULTURE, BRUSSELS.



EGYPT.—PROCESSION IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO ON THE EVE OF THE FAST OF RAMADAN.

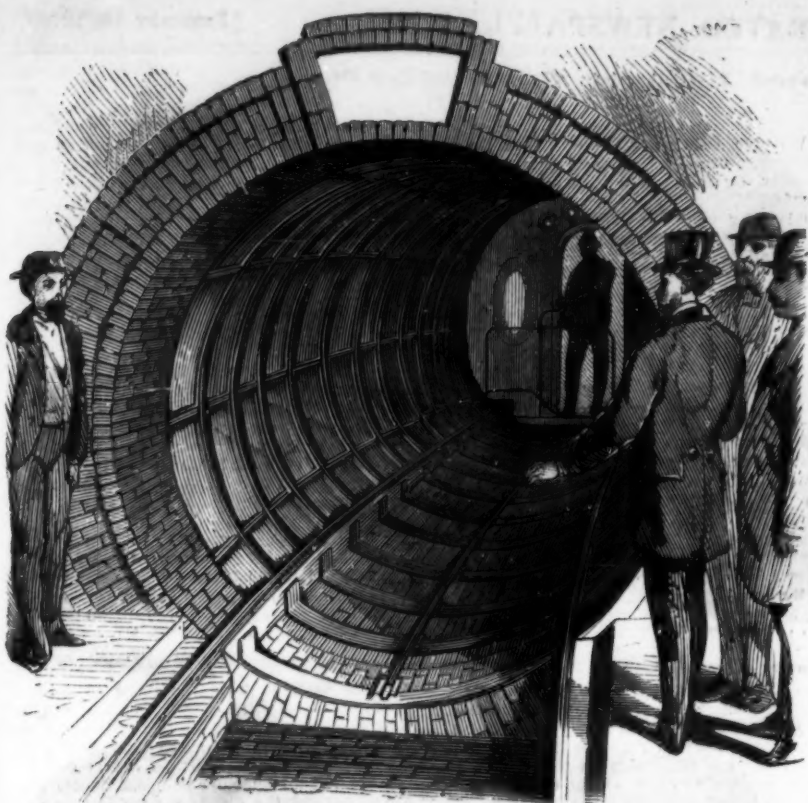


BRITISH INDIA.—NATIVES OF THE NICOBAR, OR PULO SAMELONG ISLANDS.



BRITISH INDIA.—VILLAGE OF MALA, POINT MATO, NANCOWAY, NICOBAR ISLANDS.





ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL, WITH PASSENGER-CAR COMING IN.

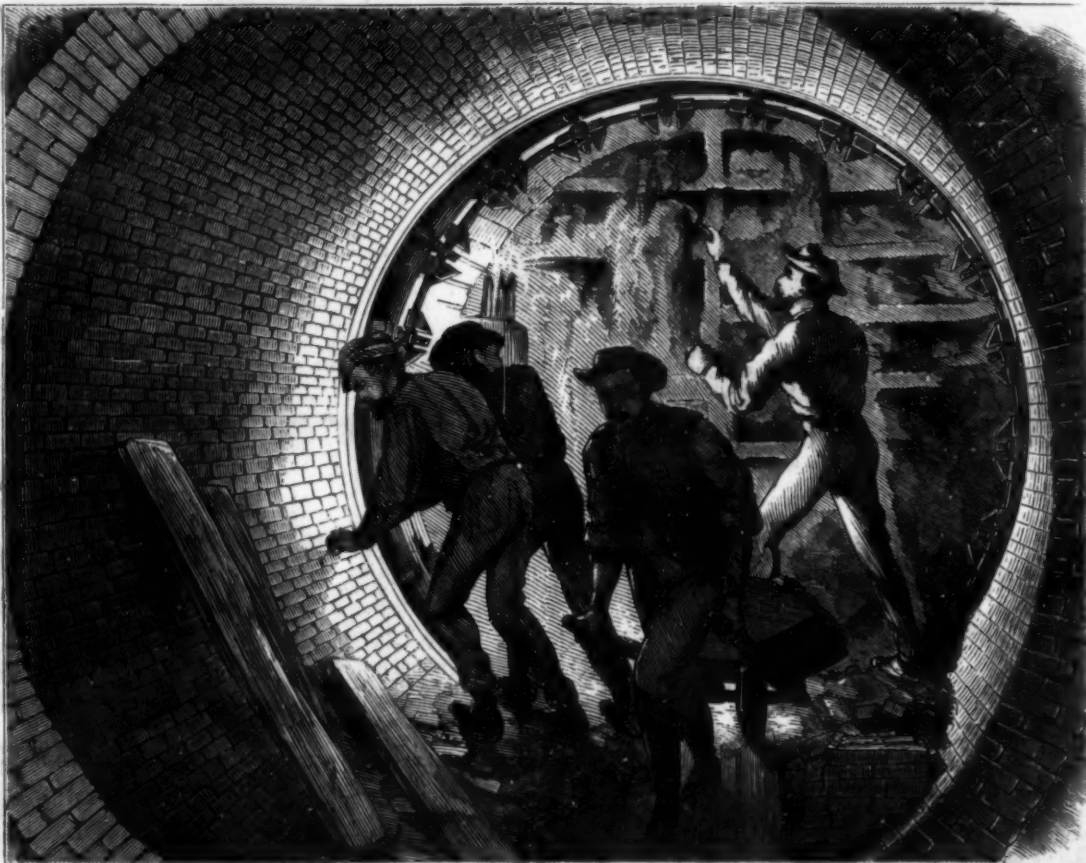


INTERIOR OF THE PASSENGER-CAR.

### THE BROADWAY PNEUMATIC TUNNEL.

The series of engravings pertaining to the Pneumatic Railway which we this week present, illustrate the progress of a remarkable work, planned and executed in a remarkable manner. Our great metropolitan thoroughfare has been bored, arched, and a track laid down, by a corps of sappers and miners, who have operated with surprising rapidity and success. They have not only tunneled Broadway, but have done so with the surging throng of humanity, animals and vehicles marching in endless procession directly above their spades. No outward indications of activity below the ground have been exhibited, and, until quite recently, the public has had no knowledge of the matter. The works are hidden by the granite pavement of the street, and but for our engravings, taken from the subterranean structures themselves, it might be difficult to satisfy our readers that we have above stated only the facts.

The Underground Railroad, the highway for rapid city transit, long needed and pressingly demanded by the inhabitants of New York, has at last been commenced, and a short portion has been put in actual operation. We trust it will not be long ere we shall be able to chronicle the full completion of the work from the Battery to the Harlem River. It is evident, from the example now before us, that the construction of an underground railway in this city is not a difficult, nor,



ADVANCING THE SHIELD—INTERIOR OF THE TUNNEL.

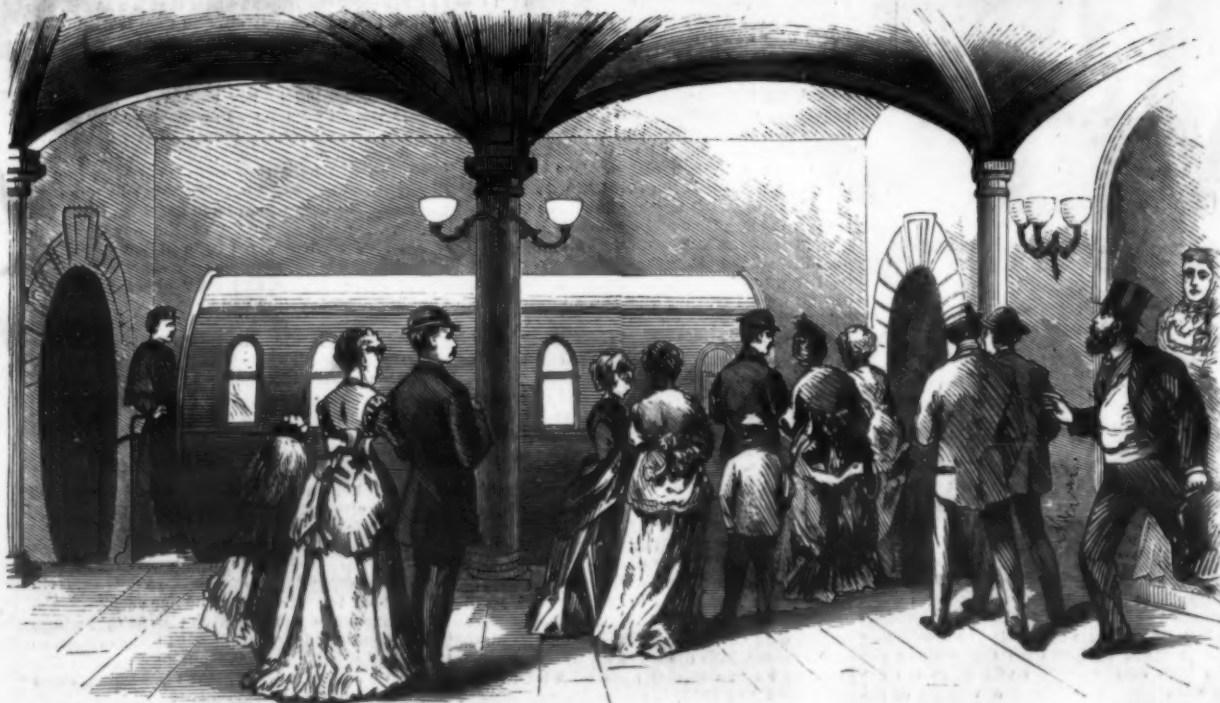
necessarily, a tedious operation. Six months or a year's time is quite sufficient, the ways and means being provided, with enterprising men as conductors.

#### HOW THE TUNNEL CAME TO BE BUILT.

The present tunnel under Broadway has been constructed under the auspices of the Beach Pneumatic Transit Company, a corporation chartered in 1868, with authority to convey letters, parcels and merchandise through tubes not to exceed fifty-four inches mean interior diameter. It was ascertained by the company, after careful investigation, that the cost of laying down two tubes of the above size, constructed together, would be but little more than that of building a single tube. It was also ascertained that the quickest and best method of construction for the two tubes was to bore under the streets, below the water pipes and sewers, and erect a masonry shell or tunnel large enough to inclose both of the fifty-four inch tubes. It is a portion of this outer tunnel that has been erected; and as it proves to be strong enough and large enough for the transit of passengers, it is to be hoped that the company will be compelled by law to omit their intended division walls, and open their tunnel for passenger traffic.

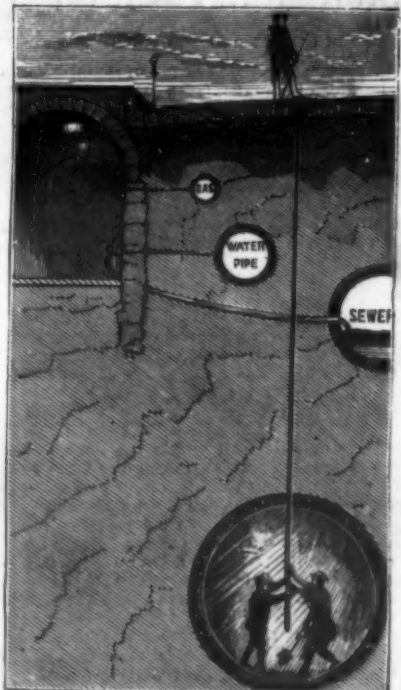
#### CARRYING CAPACITY OF THE PNEUMATIC RAILROAD.

We have made a little calculation on this point, and find that with two tubes such as that already erected, but perhaps a trifle larger, and with trains



A PROPOSED WAY-STATION FOR THE TUNNEL.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE PNEUMATIC TUNNEL IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION ON THE LINE OF BROADWAY.



TESTING THE CORRECTNESS OF POSITION AT NIGHT.



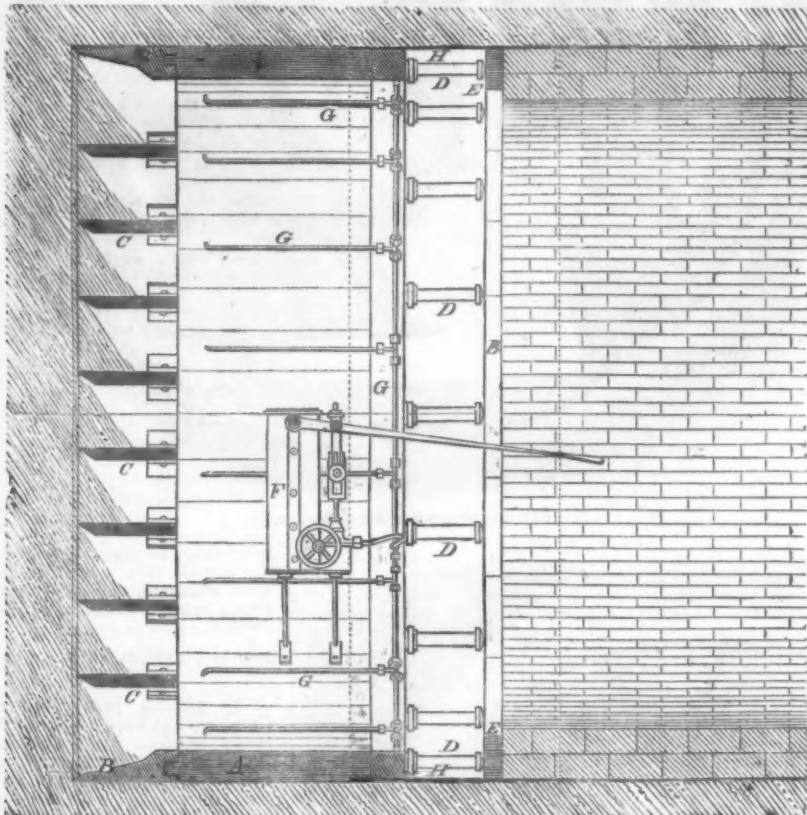
starting every two minutes, the company could carry from ten to fifteen thousand passengers per hour from Harlem River to the South Ferry, and probably double that number, should it ever become necessary. At a comparatively moderate rate of speed, the time occupied in traveling the whole distance would not exceed twenty minutes.

The company are now by law required to erect receiving-boxes upon the sidewalks for the public convenience in depositing letters and packages for dispatch in their pneumatic tubes, which is all very well. But what the people more imperatively need is the provision of facilities for carrying passengers with comfort and speed. This can be readily done under the

moved around circles or on grades. It was designed by Mr. A. E. Beach, of the *Scientific American*.

#### HOW THE MACHINE WAS STEERED.

The shield was steered around the curve and down Broadway by turning the stop-cocks of water-pipes belonging to the hydraulic rams, thus changing the pressure from side to side as occasion required. During the progress of the work under Broadway, the exact course traveled by the shield was determined by compass and survey in the usual manner, and the lines were from time to time verified by driving jointed rods of iron up through the roof of the tunnel to the pavement, as indicated in one of



A. Body of the Shield. B. Cutting Edge. C. Shelves. D. Hydraulic Rams. E. Bearing Block. F. Water Pump. G. Pipes from Pump to Rams. H. Hood. I. Erick Tunnel.

#### SECTION OF SHIELD USED IN TUNNELING.

pneumatic system, and therefore we think that the company ought to be compelled by law to do it, and the sooner the better.

#### THE TUNNEL AND WAITING-STATION.

The Pneumatic Tunnel commences at the sub-foundations of the large and splendid marble building of Devlin & Co., clothiers, corner of Broadway and Warren street. The portal of the tunnel, as shown in our engraving, is a massive ornamental structure, of circular form, nine feet in diameter, its bed twenty-one and a half feet below the surface of Broadway. The mouth of the tunnel opens directly into a large underground apartment, one hundred and twenty feet in length, fitted up in good style, for the purposes of a waiting and reception station. This apartment is lighted from the pavement, and occupies the entire space under the Warren street sidewalk.

The tunnel starts from the east end of the reception-room, and extends on a curve to the centre of Broadway, thence in a straight line down to a point a little beyond Murray street, where the shield, or tunnelling machine, now rests. The excavations have been temporarily suspended, for the purpose of affording the press and public an opportunity to examine the works, and witness the operations of the machinery. Mr. Joseph Dixon is the superintendent of the works and the secretary of the company.

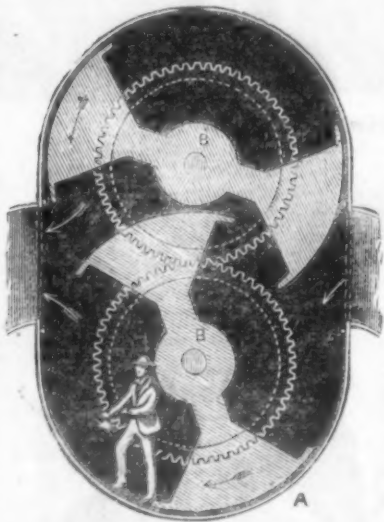
#### THE GREAT TUNNELING MACHINE.

We present two views of the novel mechanism by which the tunnel is bored, one of which shows the workmen engaged in driving the machine ahead; the other a sectional diagram, showing the details of construction. The shield consists of a large cylinder, open at both ends, with shelves arranged within the front end to receive the earth and prevent it from falling too rapidly into the shield; at the rear of the latter, placed around its periphery, is a series of powerful hydraulic rams, eighteen in number, all connected with a single water-pump. From the rear of the shield, and passing entirely around it, extends a hoop or band of sheet steel, two feet wide, and one-eighth of an inch thick, termed the hood. The brick tunnel is erected within this hood, which at all times covers the end of the masonry, and prevents the earth from falling upon the workmen. After a section of the tunnel sixteen inches long has been erected within the hood, the pump is operated, which causes the rams to slide out from the shield, and push with great force against the front edge of the tunnel, driving the shield forward into the soil. As the shield advances, the earth presses through between the shelves, and falls down upon the bottom of the shield, whence it is removed in barrows and carts. As soon as the shield has been advanced sixteen inches, its movement is stopped, and a new section of the masonry tunnel is erected within the hood. The shield is then again pushed forward, and so on. By means of this machine tunnels of all kinds and sizes may be quickly constructed under the streets, without disturbing the travel of vehicles over the surface. The shield may be readily

our sketches. This was always done in the night-time, after the stages and other vehicles had ceased running.

#### HOW THE CARS ARE PROPELLED.

In the pneumatic system the cars are propelled wholly by atmospheric pressure. One of our engravings gives a view of the interior monster blowing-engine used by the Pneumatic Transit Company for this purpose. Its shell (A) is 21 1/2 feet high, 18 feet long, and 13 feet broad. It contains two pairs of wings or blades (B), which roll together in such a manner as to exhaust and compress an immense quantity of air at every revolution. The machine is made on Root's patent, and is by far the largest of its kind. It has capacity for delivering about two hundred thousand cubic feet of air per minute. By means of this machine a current of air is driven through the Broadway



SECTION OF BLOWER WHICH FURNISHES THE PNEUMATIC FORCE TO PROPEL CAR.

tunnel, and when a car is placed therein, it is blown along precisely as a sailboat is carried before the wind. The rear end of the car forms the sail against which the air impinges. The power required to drive a car on a level track is much less than is generally supposed, being only one four hundredth part of the load. Consequently the air pressure requisite to propel pneumatic cars is very slight. Experience on other atmospheric railroads has shown that an air pressure of less than four ounces per square inch of car surface will carry the car along with perfect safety at a velocity of between 60 and 100 miles per hour.

The ventilation of pneumatic cars and tunnel is much superior to steam cars, because the air is always in motion, pure and salubrious. No

steam, gas, cinders or dust annoy the passenger; but, resting at ease, he is conveyed smoothly along, and finds the new system to be the very perfection of traveling.

#### THE PNEUMATIC UNDERGROUND RAILWAY CARS AND STATIONS.

We give a sketch of the interior of the passenger-car used in the present tunnel. It is of circular form, richly upholstered, and very comfortable, with seats for eighteen persons. Its interior height is greater than the cars of the London underground railways. When the pneumatic tunnel is further extended, luxurious cars, 100 feet in length, will be used.

Another of our views shows the interior of a small passenger way-station, and illustrates the method of stopping and starting the trains. The tunnel, as it approaches the station, is enlarged, so that air may pass the cars, the speed of which are diminished by the application of brakes. The cars are brought to a halt within the station, and remain standing upon a slight down grade, while the air current from one branch of the tunnel continues on through the station into the other branch of the tunnel. On releasing the brakes the force of the air impinging against the rear car, assisted by the grade, gently starts the train forward into the mouth of the tunnel, where it receives the full force of the air current, and is driven onward to the next station.

The Broadway pneumatic car is operated in the above manner. The air is delivered under pressure from the blowing-engine into the station or reception-room, and flows therefrom into the tunnel, carrying the car down Broadway to Murray street, where the air escapes into the street through a side pipe. A valve is then shifted, which reverses the air current, producing an exhaustion in the tunnel, and causing the air to press on the opposite end of the car, bringing it back into the station.

Nothing can be more simple, safe or complete than the pneumatic system of transportation. The locomotive, with all its expenses, difficulties and dangers, is done away with.

### A DANCING GIRL.

By MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE viol began murmuring out a droning bass like the booming of the bumblebee low across the blossomy sward; the flutes took it up like a gentle breathing of the morning zephyr, the violins twittered in, as if the sunbeams were full of insect-humming and glancing wings, and Giuseppina, with her little feet poised as if she were floating on the air, fluttered to the front, and then, in dazzling pirouettes whose dizzy motion wrapped her like a cloud, in which she whirled from maze to maze of measured and accented beauty, indistinct but radiant as the humming-bird flitting from flower to flower, and hovering over each to suck the honey from its heart, she took the fancies of the beholders by storm, so novel was the grace of her dance, and so bewildering the movement of its flashing figure—a dance that was almost the apotheosis of earthly motion, without the straining of a muscle or a distortion of the shape, where the lowest nature thought no harm, felt no wrong, forgot that flesh was in existence, and, unconscious of such a thing as a dancing woman at all, saw nothing more than a brilliant blossom, animated with a wilful life, or blown about by the rhythmic winds of heaven. When she bent in adieu, the applause of the clapping hands rose with a sound like a rushing tempest of rain, and filled the place, and called her back again.

But Giuseppina came not; and as the expression of their delight grew wilder, and feet came in to aid the patter of the palms, and the enthusiasm borrowed from impatience, and voices called for her, and men rose clamoring, and women kindled, the other dancers swung forward in fresh circles, widening, breaking and forming again, distracting the minds of the volatile pleasure-seekers before them till other scenes were ready to open on their forgetfulness with new wonders.

But neither that audience nor any other ever saw Giuseppina again, for as she sprang into the wing, by one of those things which we call accident and chance, but which, while God rules the world, must be in reality immutable fate itself, she slipped and fell, and her ankle was broken in two places. The child, whose glorified face had been overlaid with light from that shining spirit floating down the stage, was taken back that night to a room where lay one fallen out of heaven, and fallen upon the hardest stones of the gutter.

For when they found how things were about to go with her, they one and all deserted Giuseppina; the ballet-master, learning of the surgeon that the ankle was to remain permanently stiff, and the limb to be shorter than the other, had nothing more to do or say; no more money was advanced, no more delicacies reached her; she was remembered for a little while as a splendid speculation that had failed, and then she was forgotten. Her late companions, barely subsisting themselves on their poor pittance, even had love ever existed between them, could spare her now no more. The wages of that one triumphant night—that night which, even in her worst pain, she could close her eyes and summon again before her, till she was warm and well in the glow of the remembered joy—had long since gone in rent and coals and bread, the simple necessities of existence; there was nothing remaining in that bare room which life could do without; and all that had come into it now, for a long month, had been the provision of a poor charwoman whom the surgeon had employed during his brief attendance, and whose kind heart had brought her again and again to the spot, in spite of her indistinct idea that Giuseppina's

way of life must be a wicked one, since she was a part of theatres and spangles and midnight, and to overpower which she had once brought to see the poor girl one of those young missionary ladies who make a business of attending to the poor in the pauses of their pleasures. The young lady gave a tract and a glass of jelly to Giuseppina, who needed money and mutton-broth; but there is some credit due to human nature for the fact that she did so much as that, since Giuseppina fairly fell upon her at the first whisper of the reproach upon her beloved profession, which the young lady indolently made, and almost drove her from the place. "Do you know what dancing is, madame?" she cried, with her great eyes burning like balefires in her thin white face. "Is a sculptor, who makes eternal one of our thousand swift-passing movements, vile? Is my foot better or worse than my hand? my knee and ankle than my arm and shoulder? Look at it! Did not God make the one as much as the other? We do not regard our legs and arms as you do; with us they are implements of art, not objects of sense! Go see a ballet, and learn that Art is to be served not only with the hands, but with the feet, the heart, the whole body! You can praise God as much by standing on the toe as by pointing with the finger! Immodesty is in your thought, not in our action. A ballet-girl would blush to bare her bosom and display her person shamefully, as you good women do at every ball of the season! Take your gifts away from here. They are not wanted. Do you hear me? Go. Doro and I will die, but we will not degrade ourselves with the alms of those who revile us and the mother before us!" And the unfortunate young lady fled before those fiery eyes, that angry tongue, with its fierce interpolation of Italian oburgations—fled with a firm conviction that, of all demoniac beings, a dancer was the worst, and the sooner the whole race was out of the world, the better for the world.

Other guests than these two, the charwoman and the missionary, Giuseppina had none. It was a fearful quarter of the town, full of possible danger to the visitant, and charity seldom penetrated it; and the denizens were too fully occupied with their own troubles, sins, wants, fears, to remember or care for any others; they had not seen her for so long, that they forgot there was a dying girl in that garret, and if they had happened to see Doro wandering up or down during those past months, and had given him some chance bone, if they felt at all about it, they felt that thus they had performed their whole duty to man. But now Doro wandered up and down no more, and the charwoman herself was ill, and Giuseppina and the little brother were left alone, without so much as a crust in the larder, and it was a day and night since they had tasted food.

Giuseppina lay there now at last, the fever of her prostration feeding on the heat of her tormenting thoughts, that had striven in vain to devise some plan whereby Doro and herself could be kept alive—striven so strongly that now a deadly reaction had arrived, and she no longer cared, it seemed, whether they lived or died; nay, rather had rebounded into the opposite of her long struggle, and wearied to go. In the first of her effort at scheming and contriving some means of existence, she had seen at once that she had no knowledge of anything but dancing and tossing the tambourine. She had lost her voice, though, long ago, and the tambourine was therefore as effectually out of the question as the dance itself. Then the good charwoman, to whom she had confided half her care, since another always helps us to carry that load, had tried her best to find a situation for Giuseppina as a waiter, but every place was full; and equally unsuccessful was she in obtaining for her a place as house or lady's-maid, where her nearly complete ignorance of the duties barred the way; and sewing was not to be thought of by one who did not know how to mend neatly the commonest rent. Yet, even had she found any situation, the wages would not have been sufficient for her to take the proper care of Doro, and what would have become of the boy directly, with not even enough now to begin the sad life of newsboy or of shoe-black—for Giuseppina knew that it was sad, she had looked upon it all, and seen it with other eyes than those wont to look from behind a hurdy-gurdy, with the eyes and the conscience of an artist. And, moreover, had the charwoman succeeded in her endeavors, Giuseppina had been in no state to undertake any sort of serious work, and a month of it would have left her on her deathbed, and Doro utterly destitute; and here they were as it was, she on her deathbed and Doro destitute; by one turn or another Fate would have led them there the same. As she thought of the boy surviving her—for Doro had not been ill like herself, he had picked up, also, many a crumb that had not fallen to her, and until now his strength and promise of life had been greater than her own—as she thought of him surviving her, and thrown upon the street in his tender years, that little golden head pillowed on any stone at night, that little innocent mouth defiled, that little heart debased and full of sin, it had seemed to her that her lot, the lot of death, were something preferable. For Giuseppina's mother had been a devout woman in her way, which was not the way of the world, and though her life had taken her out of the tracks of any altar worship, and she had but seldom, since her girlhood, seen priest or church, yet the simple ideas that ruled her action she had instilled into her child, till abhorrence of vice and shame, and love of virtue, so far as she recognized it, were a part of her very breath—abhorrence of such positive vice as that whose long-continued encouragement brings degradation of spirit and shape alike; doubtless any one quick crime Giuseppina's hot Italian blood was as capable of as another's.

As Giuseppina lay there now, with a thousand wild thoughts running riot through her parched brain, she turned to the child who, on the night before, had cried himself to sleep with hunger,



after a day of lonesome, listless misery, and with whom now the misery, heightened into pain, had passed away in stupor; as she rose on her arm and gazed on him, an angry defiance of heaven and fate swept through her whole being, like a lightning flash. "To make him, and to make him so tender, to make him so perfect, and then to fling him out like a worthless leaf, to be trodden into the mire!" she cried. And of a sudden another thought followed that one, sweeping after it like the darkness that swallows all the flash. "And I can prevent it, I at least, in that much, can be stronger than sin, can frustrate fate itself! He is innocent now, as the angels of heaven are innocent. I can prevent his ever suffering a single stain of sin. And I too—if I live, if some help should come to me to-night, and I should pass this point—by-and-by should I resist temptation when I saw him in distress? Should I sell myself to save him—there are always buyers of such beauty, that evil man who climbed these stairs told me—ah, Great Powers! If some time I covered myself with shame in order that Doro might have his fair chance in life, and grow so near heaven as to be past all help, separated from me! Perhaps I should do it—if I lived. I cannot say—who is safe?—oh, I know, I know I should do it, and lose him, lose him forever! And there is but one way out. Why do I cry about it? Why do I care? Has life been so sweet that I need to lament it? oh, it has been hard! hard! Nor home, nor friends, nor work, nor food, nor health, nor love! Only Doro's little love—Doro's little love—and to lose that perhaps, by-and-by. To lose everything as I have lost my dancing—oh! no more dancing, there is no more dancing!"

A dim light flickered up into the room from the street lamp far below, just lit in that squalid and neglected street, though twilight was already lost in evening. It showed her the boy lying there, the beauty of his almost transparent face, on which the trouble of his childhood had already wrought out a certain saintly intelligence, flushed with the heat of hunger, while his eyes, opening with the coming of the light, wandered vaguely, as if he could see but slightly through the mist of all his weak and faltering senses. "Is it a crime?" asked Giuseppina of herself, her brain refined to unhealthy subtlety by all her want and woe. "We shall, both of us, die, as it is, unless help arrives; and there is no help that can make the thing sure, that can make Doro's future as innocent and good as this childhood of his is now. And since death must come at furthest in a little while—at furthest in a little while—is a day more or less of any moment? And he to endure such pangs; they say it is a cruel death, this hunger! And a cruel way to leave the world, the other! But, oh, such a cruel world to stay in—this world, where they starve me, where they blaspheme my art, and break my heart—where they will destroy Doro's soul, if I leave him. And why should we stay here, where there is no place for us! no, not so much as a grave! Let us be out of it! Let us fly! No place can be worse, no place colder, crueler! Let us be out of it, out and away!" And she fell back exhausted with her outcry. "My Doro," said she presently, when the fever-fit had passed, "my boy!"

The child turned his large and fervid eyes upon her.

"Does my Doro remember who it is his father went to see?"

"The pretty mother," answered the boy, feebly, as if he heard her a long way off.

"That indeed."

"And would Doro wish—to go there too?"

"To my father?" he cried, half-rising, and dropping down again, but lifting his little thin hands instead. "Oh, take me there, Giuseppina!"

"Before long, dear. It is night now. But presently it will be morning. Then."

She arose with that; but the strength that ran in her wild fancies was not in her limbs. She sat long on the side of the poor bed, the only thing unsold in the room, ere she could gather sufficient force to creep to the little cupboard, bare of everything, except a broken vial into which, when parting with the whole ones, she had poured the laudanum left with her by the surgeon, before he ceased his visits, for some medicinal purpose. She emptied a portion of it into the charwoman's cup, and brought it to the boy. "Drink, my Doro," she said. "Giuseppina will drink too. We are ill. It is bitter—this draught, but it will make us well." And the child, too far spent to dissent, or even to recognize that the drink was bitter, did as she bade him, and swallowed all his potion. Then his sister placed the vial at her own lips, and threw it away empty, and again lay down beside him, and took him in her arms.

It was singular that no fear, no shudder, shook Giuseppina then, no awful shrinking from the irrevocable. But, indeed, all the circumstance of the world had taken an abnormal form with her; beautiful, virtuous, willing, treading an open path, that plain path had come to an end, and the way had divided into starvation on the one hand, and shame upon the other, till life became unnatural and death the only good. She had chosen that good, and lay now happy in the choice, painless, expectant, and the boy sheltered from all harm between her arms and the grave. A strange peace, in truth, hovered over Giuseppina then, and soon, like languor, diffused itself through all her limbs. Not once did her heart stay itself in horror at the deed she had done; not once did she ask herself if this were murder. Nor was it through any heroism that she could endure death—she had not patience enough to wait for it. Life and death, indeed, had changed relations with all the universe, for her life was no longer a thing to be courted, it was a disease that she dreaded and destroyed. She was leading Doro into immortal health, to kind faces and loving arms—she longed for them herself; first, a little sleep, a little rest and silence from all the tumult of

these raging thoughts, and then a joyous wakening in perpetual warmth and sunshine and bloom, music, perhaps, and wings. The room was full of those faces now, those bending, smiling faces—was one of them her mother's? She looked up gladly; perhaps it was morning, and everything had been a dream, such a rosy sunshine was filling and overflowing all the air. She drew her arm more closely over Doro, nestled her cold cheek down upon his forehead, kissed him in a sort of ecstatic rapture with the sure sense that he was safe at last, and smiled and sighed and slept, and was no more.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### England.—The Wolf Rock Lighthouse, Penzance, Cornwall.

On the 1st of January the magnificently-constructed lighthouse on this, to mariners, dangerous rock, which is off the coast of Cornwall, almost in the mouth of the harbor of Penzance, was lighted. The lighthouse was erected during the past year by the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, London. It was completed, the lanterns being set up, on the 2d of last December; but, in consequence of the roughness of the sea, the lightkeepers could not be got on the rock until the 26th of the month (Christmas morning). The engineer of Trinity House, becoming impatient, determined on making the landing, and, accordingly, at an early hour, all hands were mustered on board of the tugboat. It was fortunate that the time was thus chosen, for the day had not well dawned before the seas began to run heavily. The lightkeepers, immediately on being placed on the rock, prepared to "light up," and got their own peculiar work so far advanced, that on the night of January 1st the light was exhibited, and those who saw it pronounced it not only brilliant, but powerful. The light is a revolving dioptric of the first order, and shows alternate flashes of white and red.

##### Spain.—The Inhabitants of Saragossa Serenading the Minister Zorilla.

Upon the establishment of the Regency, on the formal deposition by the Cortes of Queen Isabella, and the profound excitement which followed, the peculiar conduct of the Ministry adding greatly to the interest, which prevails even at this hour in Spain, General Prim and other personages, in order to give the turbulent declaimers full scope, and so exhaust themselves of their invective, retired to the mountains of Zolide, to indulge, ostensibly, in a grand hunt. Ruiz Zorilla, Minister of Grace and Justice, did not choose to accompany the excursionists, or, perhaps, it was thought best that he should remain behind, and subsequently visit and harangue the people of Catalonia, Valencia and Aragon. He everywhere endeavored to impress, by eloquent harangues, the minds of his listeners with the advantages that would inure to Spain if the people heartily supported the ministerial candidate for the throne—the Duke of Genoa. Zorilla's eloquence failed to convert the citizens. Decided symptoms of republicanism were everywhere felt, and although personally popular in the wealthy and populous provinces he visited, he finally returned to the capital, convinced that, however politic might be the measures determined upon by himself and colleagues, they were not of a character to command the sympathies of the middle and lower classes of the Spanish nation. Our illustration represents the midnight serenade given in the Minister's honor at Saragossa. Zorilla is seen on the balcony, to the front of which he stepped at the close of the introductory music, and was received with hearty cheers and cries of welcome. When, however, he spoke of the candidature of Genoa for the vacant chair of State, he was silently, coldly received.

##### Belgium.—New Aquarium in the Royal Garden of Zoology and Horticulture at Brussels.

An aquarium has been recently constructed in the Royal Zoological Garden of Brussels, which is quite novel in its leading features. It is placed at the foot of a hill, into the side of which excavations have been made. Beneath this hill, artificially arranged, fresh and salt-water reservoirs are built. In these preserves fish of almost every variety—from the river, the lake and the sea—worthy of cultivation for the table, are placed, and rapidly propagate. These reservoirs are nurseries for the waters of the kingdom of Belgium. The basins are supplied by cascades, and thus the useful is subserved by the ornamental. The aquarium of the Garden of Zoology and Horticulture is a favorite resort for the citizens of Brussels in summer, because of its cool galleries and grateful shade.

##### Egypt.—The Fast of Ramadan—Distribution of the Robes, and the Procession of the Sheikhs.

The fast of Ramadan, like the season of Lent with Christians, is movable. The one last observed commenced with the rising of the new moon in December, and continued through the lunar month. The Koran requires all true followers of the Prophet to fast every day during Ramadan; but at night—that is, from sunset until sunrise—feasting is allowed, and the consequence of the rule is, that the devout turn "night into day;" they sleep as many hours as possible while the sun is in the heavens, but the moment its setting is announced from the minarets of the mosques, eating is the order of the hour. In the evening, writes the correspondent of a European journal, when the new moon is first seen, feasting is proclaimed, the sheikhs of various trades, with their guilds and parties of musicians, commence proceedings by making a procession to meet the persons who have been on the lookout for the rising of Luna. They wait for this messenger at the citadel, from which they march in great state (as may be seen by the large engraving), preceded by bearers of flaming crescents. The streets through which they pass are lined with spectators watching their progress to the mosque. The sheikhs are mounted on horseback, each handsomely caparisoned, and with his staff of attendants and minstrels. A vast band of military music, followed by a great body of police, armed with long sabres at their girdles, and longer canes in their hands, brought up the rear, followed, last of all, by a group consisting of the chief baker of Cairo and his brother, five captains of police, a general, and a sub-prefect. As night came on, the streets were illuminated, and amidst the glare of lights the great crowd joined the procession, in shouts heralding the solemn observance of their religious anniversary. On the expiration of the fast the people all dress in their best, the men assemble in the mosques to prayers, and a scene of general congratulation ensues. Pres-

ents are exchanged, and many of the women visit the tombs of their relatives, with servants bearing palm branches or bunches of sweet basil, to lay on the graves. Food, too, is distributed to the poor, who resort to the burial-grounds on these days. Fairs, with dancers, acrobats, swings and whirligigs, are held in various places; and beneath tents public restaurants, musicians, and others contribute to the amusement of the faithful. An important ceremony, known as the distribution of the holy robes, is held in the presence of the Governor of Cairo. It precedes, in the order of time, the procession. The ceremony is held in the great hall of the Palace of the Citadel. Achmet Pasha, seated on his divan, receives the officers of the Egyptian army and the sheikhs of the city. Coffee is ordered, and the guests are seated around the saloon. In the centre of the vast apartment is the Secretary Effendi, whose duty it is to announce the names of all those who are to be blessed with a robe, which is only valuable because of its having been taken to Mecca by some pilgrim caravan. Every sheik, as his name is called, rises, puts on the robe, and then makes his salaam, and returns to his place, where he remains until the close of the ceremony. During the recent distribution an incident occurred which illustrates the simplicity of the manners of the country. Two sheikhs presented themselves at the same time for the holy robe. A dispute arose, and the garment would have been rent in twain had not the *casasses*, at a signal from the Governor, promptly seized and unceremoniously ejected from the palace the foolish disputants. After the distribution of the robes, a blind and venerable sheik, with a great white beard, was led to the centre of the hall by two boys, and there pronounced an invocation, which was followed by united prayer, after which the company retired in the order in which they had entered. The troops were drawn up outside, and presented arms; the drums beat, and the cortege resumed its journey.

##### British India.—Natives and Village of Malia, Nicobar Islands.

Quite recently the naval agents of the British Government formally annexed to its Indian empire a group of islands lying off the western coast of Sumatra, between six degrees and forty minutes north and nine degrees and twenty minutes north latitude. These islands are nine in number, are divided into two groups, and are extremely fertile. The climate, however, is hot and humid, rain falling about nine months in every twelve. The pretext for their seizure was the treatment of shipwrecked English crews by the islanders, who, not many months ago, were thrown by adverse winds on their shores. The archipelago is known to the Malays under the name of Pulo Samblong, and the civilization of its inhabitants may be readily arrived at by a glance at the engravings in our "Pictorial Spirit," from photographs taken by Captain J. M. Williams, Assistant Government Engineer of Mysore, British India. On the island of Nanooway, which forms a natural breakwater to a capacious harbor, which the northern group of islands form, is a projecting point named Point Mayo. On this peninsula is the native village of Malia, composed of a few slightly-built huts, which are made of boughs, and thatched with grass, built up on rows of upright poles on the marshy shore, and sheltered by luxuriant cocoanut palms. The people of these islands are of the Malay race, lawless and ferocious in disposition, and number about one thousand in all the islands. The men go entirely naked, and have no employment but hunting, fishing and piracy. This is not the first attempt of a European power to establish an outpost of civilization in the Nicobar Islands. They belonged to Denmark from the middle of the last century to the year 1845, when they were abandoned in consequence of the yellow fever, which had proved fatal to a great part of the Danish garrison. These islands are distant rather less than 200 miles from the Andamans, where the penal settlement of Port Blair was established, a few years ago, for the reception of criminals from Bengal.

**THE PRESENTS MADE TO CHURCHES IN EARLY TIMES.**—The presents made to churches in the olden time, by pious folk or repentant sinners, and the charges which appear in their books for popular festivals and the performance of Miracle Plays, throw much light on the simple realism of our forefathers. A notable example occurs in the life of "Maister Canynge," the hero of Chatterton's Rowley Poems. Sir John Harrington, writing about the year 1590, quotes a memorandum which "was found (among other curiosities) in the cabinet of the late John Browning, Esquire, of Barton, near Bristol." This curious memorandum, which was first printed in Lord Oxford's "Anecdotes of Painting," in 1762, sets forth that "Maister Canynge hath delivered this 4th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1470, to Maister Nicholas Peter, Vicar of Saint Mary Redcliffe, Moses Centerin, Philip Bartholomew, procurators of Saint Mary Redcliffe aforesaid, a new sepulchre well gilt with gold, and civer [cover] thereto." Then follows this description of the wonderful gift: "Item: An image of God Almighty rising out of the same sepulchre, with all the ordinance that longeth thereto; (that is to say) a lathe made of timber, and the iron-work thereto. Item: Thereto longeth Heaven, made of timber and staid'd clothes. Item: Hell, made of timber and iron-work thereto, with divils to the number of thirteen. Item: Four knights armed, keeping the sepulchre, with their weapons in their hands; that is to say, two axes and two spears, with two pikes [a large shield which covered the whole body]. Item: Four part of angels' wings for four angels, made of timber and well painted. Item: The Padre, the crowne, and visage; the ball with a crose upon it well gilt with fine gold. Item: The Holy Ghost coming out of heaven into the sepulchre. Item: 'Longeth to the four angels four chevellers [supporters].'"

**A FAST LADY.**—A recent number of *All the Year Round* has an article on women, in which a particularly fast lady of the last half of the eighteenth century is thus spoken of: "At the Ripon races in 1725, we find that the Ladies' Plate was ridden for by women, in three heats and a final struggle. But the most notable lady in this class of achievements was probably Mrs. Thornton, the wife of Colonel Thornton. The colonel challenged Mr. Flint in 1804, that Mrs. Thornton would contest a race with him on York racecourse, for 500 guineas a side. The bet was accepted, and the race took place; the colonel leading the lady's horse to the starting-place. Mrs. Thornton took and kept the lead for the first three miles, when her horse failed, and her competitor won. She afterward wrote to one of the newspapers, complaining that Mr. Flint's demeanor to her on the occasion had hardly been that of a gentleman. A 'turf row' sprang out of this event. Mr. Flint asserted that Colonel Thornton shirked payment of the lost bet; the colonel equivocated; Mr. Flint publicly horsewhipped him; and as the Jockey Club first, and the Court of King's Bench afterward, refused to give him redress, we may safely infer that there was something wrong about Colonel Thornton. His equestrian wife, however, did not relinquish her fondness for achievements in the saddle. She rode a race against Buckle, the Newmarket jockey. Mrs. Thornton appeared on the racecourse attired in purple cap and jacket, nankeen skirt, purple shoes, and embroidered stockings. She was mounted on her mare Louisa. She rode six sibs. against Buckle's last sibs, and won by half a head."

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

HARRIET HOSMER has chiseled \$115,000 out of marble.

JAY GOULD has presented \$10,000 to Princeton College.

THE Queen of Prussia gives annually \$50,000 to the poor.

GOVERNOR CURTIN, our Minister to Russia, is reported homesick.

THREE Arab chiefs lately supped with Napoleon at the Tuilleries.

CLODOCHE, the extravagant dancer of the Mabilles, was originally an undertaker.

BISHOP HENRI, of Milwaukee, is among the American aspirants for cardinal honors.

ROCHEFORT, it is said, is by birth Vicomte de Lucay, of a family going back to the Crusades.

REV. DR. OSGOOD estimates that a person can make a trip to Europe for \$5 in gold a day.

THE Khedive—a great smoker—has a valuable collection of pipes, some of them worth \$40,000.

JULIUS JANIN, the great French feuilletonist, is very sick, and his death is looked for at an early day.

MRS. ABBOTT LAWRENCE, of Boston, has contributed \$25,000 toward a fine art museum in that city.

At the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, Deputy Gambetta will appear for the family of Victor Noir.

MR. GEORGE P. HEALY is painting in Rome a portrait of Pius IX. for Bishop Bailey, of New Jersey.

EMILE OLLIVIER has long been in the pay of the Pasha of Egypt as the counsel of that prince in France.

THE matrimonial engagement of General Beauregard to Mrs. Haas, of New Orleans, is announced.

M. BERTHEMY has returned to his duties at Washington as Envoy Extraordinary of France to this Government.

THE Rev. Mr. Bidwell, editor of the "Eclectic Magazine," is going into the manufacture of glass at St. Louis.

FRANCOIS DEAK, the great Hungarian statesman, has become bankrupt through the forgeries of a faithless secretary.

THE King of Portugal was recently slapped in the face in a Spanish theatre by a lady whom he had rudely pushed.

THE Duke of Abercorn, who sits in the British House of Lords, has a brother and three sons in the House of Commons.

EX-GOVERNOR LETCHER, of Virginia, is now busy in getting up a subscription for a great monument to Stonewall Jackson.

LEWEL B. JOSEPHS, aged twelve years, is a Buffalo artist, whose works have received a diploma from the Mechanics' Institute.

M. MAXIME DU CAMP says that French prisoners under sentence of death show a great fondness for Fenimore Cooper's novels.

REV. DR. LYMAN has resigned the rectorship of the American Chapel in Rome, and is succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Nevin.

WENDELL PHILLIPS is to deliver the oration in Boston, on the 6th of March, the centennial anniversary of the "Boston massacre."

THE statue of Nathaniel Greene, which Rhode Island has presented to the nation, is said to be the finest piece of sculpture in the Capitol.

MRS. LUCY BLISS has taught school eight years in the old academy school at Stockbridge, Mass., without the loss of a single day. Perennial Bliss!

THE class of '70 of Yale have elected Wm. C. Gulliver, of Galesburgh, Ill., as orator on Presentation Day, and Henry B. Mason, of Chicago, as poet.

HOPE SCOTT, who married Miss Lockhardt, the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott, has a law practice of \$100,000 a year—the largest in England.

THE wife of C. H. Siocum, Assistant Clerk of the Illinois House of Representatives, has very successfully edited her husband's newspaper during his absence.

MR. MAKEPEACE, of Norton, Mass., now in the 105th year of his age, remains faithful to his pipe, and can blow his smoke-rings as faultlessly as his more youthful friends.

REV. J. H. EAMES, D. D., and Rev. Dr. Henry A. Colt, of Concord, and Rev. Dr. Isaac G. Hubbard, of Claremont, are talked of for the bishopric of New Hampshire.

It is reported that the Government contemplates the appointment of Dr. Oronyatekha, a full-blooded Indian, as general director of Indian affairs in the Northwest.

ELIZABETH BARRY, the nurse-maid whose recent kidnapping of the child of her employer caused a great sensation in England, has been sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment.

MARY ANN SMITH, whose imprisonment in a convent, because she left the Catholic to attend the Methodist Church, caused much excitement a year or two ago, has escaped from St. Mary's Convent, at South Orange, N. J.

THE eulogy on Mr. Peabody before the Institute he founded at Peabody, Mass., is to be delivered on the 15th of February, by Hon. Alfred A. Abbott, its president. The time selected will be the anniversary of Mr. Peabody's birth.

THE Empress Eugenie recently disposed of the dresses she wore during her Eastern trip, at a great sacrifice, for the benefit of her Orphan School. The best dress brought only \$22, a mere trifle for such a rose-colored "love."

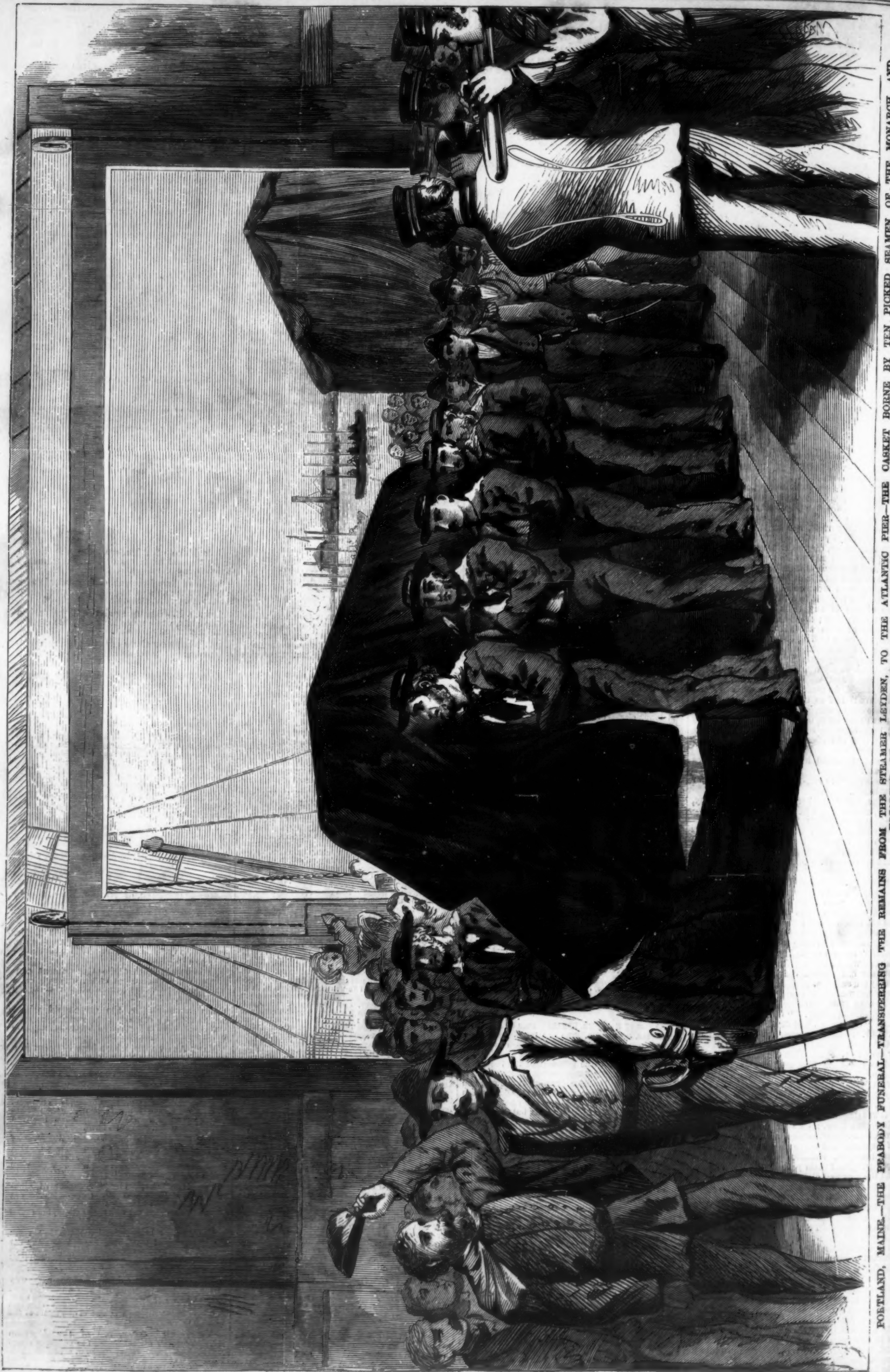
THE HON. R. S. HEDIN, member of Congress from Alabama, was lately found in his room at Washington almost suffocated by gas. When brought to, he said he "tried to pinch the light out, but found that somebody had stolen the wick."

PARLIAMENT is promised a sensation, viz.: the arraignment of O'Donovan Rossa before the bar thereof, in his prison regalia, and the administration to him of a notice that he is illegally elected and ineligible, being under conviction for a felony.

PRESIDENT GRANT has had the passageway in the White House converted into a billiard-room. General Butler is having a billiard-room fitted up in his house; Secretary Fish has an excellent table, and Secretary Boutwell plays at one of the tables of the German Club.

YOUNG STENHOUSE, son of the Mormon elder and editor of that name, has suddenly disappeared from his home at Oakland, near San Francisco. His beautiful young wife, for love of whom he deserts the ways of polygamy, is quite distracted, and foul play is feared.



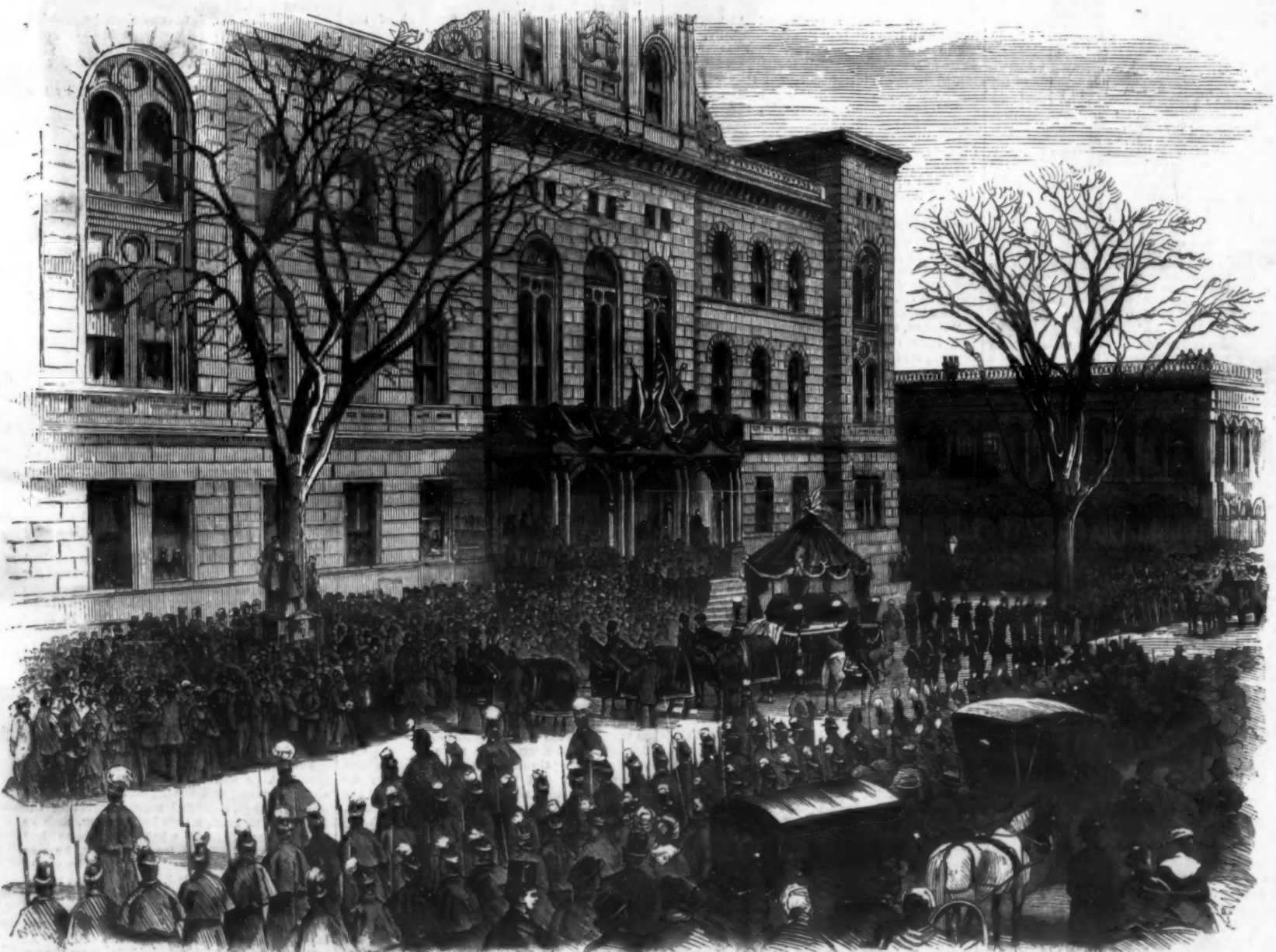


PORTLAND, MAINE.—THE FEABODY FUNERAL—TRANSFERRING THE REMAINS FROM THE STEAMER LEIDEN, TO THE ATLANTIC PIER—THE CASKET BORNE BY TEN PICKED SEAMEN OF THE MONARCH AND ESCORTED BY ITS OFFICERS.—See Page 387.





PORTLAND, MAINE.—THE PRABODY FUNERAL.—THE NAVAL PROCESSION CONVEYING THE REMAINS OF GEORGE PRABODY FROM THE BRITISH SCREW-SHIP MONARCH TO THE ATLANTIC DOCK, ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 29.—SEE PAGE 387.



PORTLAND, MAINE.—THE PRABODY FUNERAL.—ARRIVAL OF THE CATAFALQUE, CONTAINING THE CASKET, IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL.—SEE PAGE 37.



## THE SUMMER'S DAY.

By MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Down in the heart of mossy dells,  
Where wealth of greenery round her swells,  
Flickering broken glints and glances  
In the still oval of clear-brimmed wells—  
She lies through the swoon of a noontide  
calm,  
Where purple lances and wild blue bells,  
Sweeter than wave on the open fells,  
Emboss the curve of a snow-white arm,  
Spread their splendors with amorous care,  
And, drawing the tissue of honeyed cells,  
Brush her brow with a musky air,  
And bend with the weight of her trailing  
hair.

Bright be the blossoms that hang from the  
bough,  
Bright be their painted shadows below,  
But brighter the damask flushes now  
That, with tenderest outline and richest  
glow,  
Melt on her lip and dream on her cheek,  
So that the wildest winds that blow,  
That blow over regions distantly bleak,  
Yearn for the blush to their kisses bare,  
Fall from their tumult and stealthily flow  
In windings ever more faint and weak,  
Till they languidly bathe the blooming  
snare,  
And die of the sweetness they gather  
there.

## THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

## SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—"Let the dead bury their dead." Such is the exclamation with which the story opens. Henri de Chateaupers, a French count, who, in the reign of the Tsarina Anna, has been stopping in St. Petersburg, at the palace of her minister, the Count Wollinski, utters it as he is about to start upon a visit to the dwelling of the Boyard Dimitry. He has fancied himself—or haply has been—in love with the Princess Elisabeth, the sister of the Tsarina. As he utters the above exclamation, he determines to forget his hopeless dream, and gallops off in the clear light of the early morning, followed by Ivan, the attendant whom Wollinski has lent to him in place of his own.

CHAPTER II.—He is now upon his road to Yerkowa. After breaking from the regular post-road into the track which leads to the estate of the Boyard, he rides upon his hot and toilsome journey through the young and almost primeval forest. At length himself and Ivan arrive at a plateau upon the bank of a small stream, toward evening. Fog and drifting vapor conceal it. Seeing the plain before him, the French nobleman determines upon indulging the Arab horse he is mounted on in a gallop, and gives him the rein to cross it. Ivan, in terror, would stay him. In vain. In a few moments more the count is engulfed in one of the quagmires that were formerly scattered through a large portion of Northern Russia. He is about to quit the back of the Arab, but is warned by Ivan not to dismount. After a while Ivan throws his lance, with his two saddle-bags strapped to the end of it, within the count's reach, and advises him to place the shaft under his horse's nostrils. He himself rides away to hew down a log sufficiently long to bridge the distance between them. When he is gone, and Henri de Chateaupers is gradually sinking, he is recalled to the youthful joy of life by a vision of beauty sufficient to efface even the memory of the sister of the Tsarina. It is a Russian peasant girl, who stands some yards away from him, and addresses him with wondering words of inquiry as to his situation. Stripping off her sheep-skin jacket, she tears it into strips, and makes a cord, by which she succeeds in drawing him out of the morass. When his troubled senses return to him, he finds her kneeling upon the bank, returning thanks to heaven. Not caring whether she is a Catholic or not, he kneels upon the bank, and returns thanks with her.

CHAPTER III.—On the return of Ivan he finds the French nobleman has disappeared, but the traces left beside the morass, convince him he has escaped. He consequently rides on to the residence of the Starost of Yerkowa, where he finds him, dressed in the Sabbath-suit of that village official, seated outside the door. De Chateaupers sees Ivan kiss Fiodorowna by way of salutation, with a keen feeling of envy. This envy, however, changes to pity when he sees the kiss bestowed upon him by her uncle, Malowitz, and his wrinkled wife, Ismaila. After supper, the young Frenchman wanders out in the waning daylight. He hears the voice of Fiodorowna in conversation with a stranger to him, who addresses her in the tone of a master, yet of a lover. She appeals to the protection of the Boyard Dimitry. He scoffs at her, and tells her that the Boyard is old. "When the old man is underground," he says, "I shall learn what it is to be a serf, in fact as well as in name." Henri de Chateaupers pushes through the trees as the man vanishes, and she sinks upon the earth. Rising from her kneeling position, she implores him to help her. Carried away by his youthful fervor, and without knowing what he is pledging himself to do, he promises his assistance to the girl, who, with the Oriental exaggeration of the Russian peasant, replies to him that "her trust is in him as in God."

CHAPTER IV.—We are now in one of the chambers of the Boyard Dimitry's mansion. It is furnished with the stately absence of comfort of the day. The old man is speculating on the non-arrival of his expected guest. He claps his hands to summon his attendant, and orders him to send on Alexowitch, the serf of Wollinski, who had come on in advance of Monsieur de Chateaupers. For a moment he had imagined it possible that Alexowitch might have robbed and murdered the young Frenchman. A look at his face settles this question. "The brute," he says, "has no more brains than the worm I crush with my heel." After giving the serf a cup of brandy, he questions him. After hearing the answers of Alexowitch, he bids him "Go and find him. If you do not bring him here," he adds, "I will have you scourged from my door-step to Yerkowa." As the terrified serf disappears, old Dimitry bids his attendant fill his Turkish pipe for him, and smiles complacently as the man may do who believes he has done a virtuous action, and expects its recompense.

## PART I.—THE RUSSIAN SERF.

CHAPTER V.—AN EVIL EYE—THE DUBIOUS ROAD—CATCHING HIS MASTER AND SAVING HIMSELF—A SCOURGING—LIBERALITY AND ENVY—A TOUCH OF PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY—RUSSIA UNDER THE SKIN—A WELCOME.

It may honestly be said that Alexowitch quit- ted Berenzoff with anything but a keen sense of security as regarded his own person.

The dependents of old Dimitry had sufficiently enlightened him with regard to the enduring pertinacity of the Boyard in keeping his word, especially when it had been passed for ill fortune, to cause him the keenest appre-

hension with regard to his personal safety, even should he return to St. Petersburg.

"St. Sergius knows the old man has the evil eye," he said. "When it looks upon any one, woe to him. What can he do? Bad luck fills him."

Saying this, he thrust the sharp spikes of steel, with which his heels were armed, into the flanks of his round-bellied native pony. Then shaking its rein, he covered the first verst of his homeward road in some forty-five or fifty minutes.

It was its only levelly respectable portion until he should reach the highway leading to the capital.

Each rod of distance he found himself increasing the space which separated him from Berenzoff, the more placid did his thoughts become. He gradually grew convinced that Monsieur de Chateaupers was far too sensible, for- signer though he was, to travel twenty-three versts for the sake of entrusting his person to the clutches of old Dimitry.

"No, he's much too wise. He and Artemy Wollinski have thought over the matter."

When he said this he had just turned a corner of the road, round a low knoll, which a traveler in search of the picturesque would have dignified with the name of "hill." At some sixty yards in advance of him, he saw two horsemen.

He checked his pony.

For the moment, he was petrified. Then turning the head of his animal—who, with a natural taste for his feed of corn and little work, was nothing loth—he trotted back on the way to Berenzoff.

"Bascal! where are you going?"

It was the voice of the young Frenchman.

Stolidly, he continued on his way. If the knout was to be in requisition in his case, he had decided that the Count de Chateaupers had far more Christian bowels than the Boyard Dimitry.

Five minutes more had elapsed, and then the French nobleman had pulled in the rein of Star-beam, and was keeping pace with the slower locomotive powers of the hardy pony of Alexowitch. That worthy individual had forgotten the speed of the Arab stallion.

"Did you not hear me?"

The Russian uttered a deep groan.

"Had you not orders to wait for me, sirrah, at Berenzoff?"

"So I did, master."

"Yet I find you here, with your horse's tail turned toward it."

The serf groaned more audibly.

"One would imagine the Boyard had fright- ened you into running away."

"Master, I am here by his orders."

"How? What?" exclaimed De Chateaupers.

"He promised me a scourging from Beren- zoff to Yerkowa, if I did not find you and bring you back."

"You were right, Ivan," said the Frenchman, turning to the Moujik. "The old man must be a true Tartar."

"He is, master," exclaimed Alexowitch, looking up into the count's face hopefully.

The next words of Henri de Chateaupers were not, as the serf had trusted, an order to return to St. Petersburg. But they were far more agreeable.

"Alexowitch—for your fright, remember, I owe you fifty roubles."

The Russian knew that a promise from De Chateaupers might be relied on as a certainty.

Leaping from the back of his animal, he seized the hand of the young Frenchman, and pressing his lips to it, knelt down on the rough and dusty road.

"St. Sergius be good to me," he cried. "I owe him a pound of wax candles. If you pay at that rate, master, I only regret that he had not had me scourged back to St. Petersburg."

Releasing his hand, and laughing, the count galloped on.

Ivan looked angrily at Alexowitch.

"Mount, as I?" were the words he uttered.

A keen regret had pierced the soul of the Moujik, that a like chance had not happened to him.

Meanwhile, the young Frenchman was con- siderably ahead of his attendants. During the twenty-four hours which had passed since the reader last quitted his company, the interest which Fiodorowna had awakened in him so sud- denly, had much deepened. He had learned that it was the son of the Boyard Dimitry with whom she had been speaking, before he had ut- tered his rash promise. Yes! He admitted it to be rash. Yet he could not regret it. By her he had been told on that evening—the evening of the day on which he had first seen her—that the young Dimitry was by no means a favorite with his father. He had also heard from her, that what Wollinski had named him was un- doubtedly the truth. The young man was a coward. He had been dismissed from the army in disgrace, by that nobleman. Merely, the power of the old Boyard had preserved him from a more terrible degradation.

It was true that Fiodorowna did not tell him this. But she told him enough to enable him to question Ivan, who had served in his mas- ter's Turkish campaign.

From the Moujik he learned all which Wollin- ski had omitted, when speaking of the son of Dimitry.

On questioning Fiodorowna, which he had done more minutely upon the succeeding day, he had also discovered that Catharine Dimitry, the daughter of the Boyard, was now the Countess Dolgorouki, cousin by marriage to the favorite of Peter the Second—he had been slightly acquainted with her, while in St. Peters- burgh.

"She was very good to me, my lord."

"And it was from her you have acquired my language. I thank her."

"My lord errs."

"How, then, have you learned it, where Russ—such Russ as I cannot understand—is the only tongue spoken?"

"God must have taught it to me."

Had any one but the girl, who so strangely had occupied his heart, said this, Henri de Chateaupers would have been indescribably amused. Deity, as a teacher of foreign lan- guages, save at the Tower of Babel, was cer- tainly a new and droll idea. He, however, did not even smile.

"What do you mean, Fiodorowna?"

"I think," she replied, reflectively, "that it was the first tongue I ever spoke. Catharine Dimitry—when a girl as I was—asked me the same question my lord has done."

Her replies had given him new food for re- flection.

In what manner had this girl—born a serf, for this he had no reason to doubt—the niece of the Starost of Yerkowa, acquired, at such an early age as she must have done, the language which at that time was only known in the Rus- sian Court, and by a few of the leading local nobility? That she had, probably by her inter- course as a child with Catharine Dimitry, both polished and improved it, was assuredly more than probable. Nevertheless, the singularity of her having possessed the knowledge, before she came in contact with this instructress, was more than singular. Her memory gave her, from her childhood, simply, the recollections of Yerkowa and Berenzoff. When he questioned Ivan, he was told that the Russian serf was only versed in his own peculiar dialect. The casual exception only proved the rule.

"Of what use, master, would another tongue be to us? Our masters speak Russ, as we do."

The practical philosophy of the Moujik's re- ply was direct and plain. With regard to the purpose of the inquiry, it was, unfortunately, anything but conclusive.

He had questioned the girl closely upon her feelings with regard to young Dimitry.

"What would my lord ask me?" she re- tortured, proudly. "The son of the Boyard craves me as a toy—but no more."

"And should he really love you?"

"How could even a serf love one, whose right arm is weaker than the stem of the seed- ling pine?"

On the second day, also, he had fancied that he had been narrowly watched by Malowitz and Ismaila. Fiodorowna had also been kept more closely occupied. It was only on the morning of the third, when the young sun was scarcely an hour above the horizon, that, on quitting the hut of the Starost—where the old man and his wife were still plunged in slumber—he had again an hour's conversation with the fair peasant, whose beauty struck him in the glory of the morning as even more wonderful than he had before felt it to be.

For half an hour he had been so engrossed by the contemplation of her loveliness, that he had forgotten a question that had occurred to him before he slept on the preceding night.

The girl seemed restless as the young French- man lavished complimentary hyperbole, upon her.

"My lord is jesting," she said, bitterly.

"No—by heaven!"

"Then he lingers here, forgetful of the promise he has made me."

When she said this, he recalled the inquiry he intended to make. His whole manner changed.

"Not so—child. What a De Chateaupers has said, he remembers."

Her blue eyes thanked him.

"I had something yet to ask. You told me that Catharine Dimitry was wedded to Count Dolgorouki, barely some eight months since?"

"My lord is right."

"If she professed so much affection for you, why did she not ask the Boyard to give you to her, as a personal attendant?"

The look of the peasant girl, as Henri de Chateaupers addressed this question to her, became troubled.

"Catharine Dimitry did ask him."

"Yet you say that he loves her?"

"Not enough to give me to her—my lord."

When Fiodorowna answered him, her face shadowed itself more darkly.

"But why?"

"He had never, to my knowledge, spoken one unkind word to the daughter he had been used to name his 'ewe lamb.' I was present—when Catharine Dimitry asked him to give me to her. Her arm was round my neck—I was kneeling at her feet. The old man swore a fierce and frightful oath. His brow blackened above his white beard, like the storm of winter over the pale snow. The young mistress leaped to her feet from the chair on which she had been sitting—I sank on the floor—the angry words sprung like starved wolves from his lips. He told his daughter that I was *his*—that I should remain *his*, until the day in which his eyes were closed by the priest in the long night of death. What was it to him, who might want or dared ask for me? He owned me. Then he swore once again. He told her that she, Catharine Dimitry, had been his one *ewe lamb*—if he chose he could draw another to him. I—I might chance to be *his* *ewe lamb* in the future. Swearing a more horrible oath than he had be- fore uttered, and looking like the dark spirit whose name he had used, he rushed from the chamber. The door closed heavily behind him, as we heard his tread through the halls of Berenzoff. That noon, there were wallings and cries shrieking through the walls of his palace. Every second serf tasted the knout. At the feet of my young mistress, I wept through the night. In the morning, I was, by his orders, taken and placed in a sledge. They wrapped me in a cloak of sables of his own. Then I was brought home to the Starost and his mother. I have never seen him nor Catharine Dimitry, since."

Fiodorowna had ceased speaking.

While she had been telling him this, her pas- sionate action—the look of unmistakable hor- ror in her dilated blue eyes—the terror of her accent, had all been like those of one pursued by a tangible and actual fear, which seemed to be smiting her.

So startlingly was this evidenced, that Henri de Chateaupers, although a brave man, and one who had demonstrated his courage upon the battle-field, actually shared her horror.

This, however, passed, as she came to a close. Here was a new fact for him to reflect upon.

Yet, what could it present to him? Old Dimitry was clearly a half savage—the Tartar glazed over with the thin varnish of civiliza- tion, the great Peter had compelled the Russ to submit to—a shirt which had not changed the skin beneath it.

On his own land the Boyard was a despot. He could do all that seemed good to him.

Such a threat as that which he had made to Catharine Dolgorouki was, however—look at it, how he would—the freak of a veritable in- sanity. To thrust from him his daughter—bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh—and take a serf to him in her place! Pah! It ap- peared preposterous. And yet, the old man had said she was *his*. Could it be possible? Yes, he saw how it was. The Boyard loved her. Therefore, he had thrust her from Beren- zoff. This was the reason she had not been re- called. He would not give her from him. No, she should still remain within his grasp. But, at the same time, he might no longer trust himself to look upon her. He would not wrong her.

Monsieur de Chateaupers began positively to respect the old man.

At the same time, he felt that such a feeling, on the part of the Boyard, rendered the task he had set himself more than doubtful.

With the natural impatience of youth, he, however, smiled at the doubts which thronged upon him.

What was there he would do, that he could not accomplish?

The consequence of this, was, that when Wollinski's serf, after the close of the morning meal, with considerable trepidation, informed him that the Starost dared not continue in the position of his host without informing his mas- ter, the young Frenchman replied:

"Tell him he need not trouble himself to do so. In half an hour, we will start."

On resuming the articles of dress which he had removed on the night of his arrival, he was gratified to find that they were, excepting his tailless coat, in as good condition as when he had set out from St. Petersburg. With a grotesque look of horror at the disreputable appearance of this garment—for it must be re- membered that his baggage had been sent on to Berenzoff, in the care of Alexowitch—he de- cided upon appropriating the *caplan* which had been lent him by Malowitz.

The Starost told Ivan that its value was five roubles, holding up his right hand with the fingers and thumb extended, to prevent the Moujik's making additional profit on the trans- action.

When he received twenty-five, he favored the stranger he had intended to swindle out of three only, by throwing off his cap, and repeat- ing the action with which he had on the first evening honored him.

Through his beard, nevertheless, he growled out to Ivan: "The Frenchman is an ass, and the son of an ass"—an observation, which that individual was very careful not to transfer to the count's possession.

Then, De Chateaupers left, followed by the Moujik. Fiodorowna was not present.

As he had rightly concluded, he encountered the peasant girl before he had long passed the village—in which he saw the filthy *kabak*, where, but for his compulsory acquaintance- ship with the mud of a Russian morass, he would, in all probability, have passed the night.

She was standing in the sunlight, with her head uncovered.

Its fair, yellow hair, warmed by the golden beams, encircled it as if with a royal crown.

Scarcely had he checked his Arab beside her than she spoke:

"My lord will remember what he has said."

Her features were composed and still, but the French gentleman read aright the agonized yearning which was traceable in the expres- sion of her eyes.

Bending forward, he printed a passionate kiss upon her brow.

Trembling beneath it, she did not withdraw as she felt the touch of those burning lips.

"I have promised."

Without permitting himself another mo- ment's delay, he again gave the rein to Star- beam. When the Moujik passed her, his look fell upon the girl with a strangely curious in- quiry. She did not even notice it.

The wistful look of Fiodorowna, as she still stood in the sunlight, was following the fast- receding figure of the count.

Had he looked back, he might have recalled the wife of Odysseus, gazing after his vanishing prow when he departed to join the expedition against Ilium. The comparisons indulged in by the young, always glorify themselves in their exaltation of idea. Nor is it, so unreasonable that they should do so. Years draw us back to the inevitable present which youth flies from. Age has neither retrospection nor hope. It wills not the first, nor can it indulge in the last. The young are the gluttons, in life. They alone feast both their memory and their desire.

Henri de Chateaupers, however, at this time, did not throw back one glance.

Feeling, from what the fair peasant had told him, that he had entered upon a difficult and arduous game, and having at intervals, in the last few days, gathered much respecting the Boyard from Ivan, which information, such as it was, corroborated what Fiodorowna had suffered him to learn from her lips, he was wondering what impression old Dimitry would make on his own mind. This he had varied into a thousand different forms—fashioning them to every possible chance which suggested itself—as a brain full of fire and vitality specu- lates on the probabilities of the future. At last he had pulled down the curtain on the re- presentation he had been making to himself. The phantoms of his fancy had been thrust



aside into the storehouse of dreams, which is, in all of us, ready for their reception. His passionate desire was again painting the figure which had obliterated his presumptuous aspirations to the love of one who was now completely forgotten, when he encountered Alexowitch.

On doing so, he returned to the present world.

In something less than an hour, he gazed, for the first time, upon the low and straggling outline of Berenzoff, flanked with its two towers—from the road through the stretching and park-like plain in front of it.

His approach had evidently been announced to the possessor.

There were hurrying figures seen before the low but wide entrance in the centre of the face of the feudal Manor-house. As the young Frenchman approached the termination of his journey, a tall and commanding figure appeared in the doorway. It was bare-headed, with white hair and beard, and was clad in costly silk, faced with white ermine, clasped at the waist with a diamond buckle which might have ransomed a monarch. Yet, as he rode up, this figure approached and held the stirrup for him to dismount. When he had done so, its arms were thrown around him, and a kindly kiss was printed upon either cheek.

"Son of Eugene de Chateaupers—welcome to Berenzoff! Myself and all that it contains are at your disposal."

The voice was male, and deep, yet full of melody. As the French nobleman met his eye, he felt that there was kindness speaking to him in the courteous formula with which he had been welcomed. The aspect of the Boyard almost forbade the supposition which he had that morning entertained. Could it be possible, that the blue-eyed child had fooled his too susceptible yet aged fancy?

Such were the questions and impressions which made themselves felt, while he replied to Dimitry.

Then, arm-in-arm with him, he accompanied him into the hall. As he did so, his host turned to Alexowitch. His small black eyes were flashing with merriment, as the serf of Wolinski endeavored to elude them.

"What a keen sight, O Alexowitch, the knout can find!"

When he said this, Dimitry laughed.

Do Chateaupers heard the words, but his laugh did not follow suit.

## MRS. MICKLES' MISTAKE; OR, THE LADY IN GRAY.

It was a rainy day, and Mrs. Montgomery Mickles, the autocrat of an establishment entitled a select down-town boarding-house, sat in her armchair by the window, sorting worsteds. The rain pattered ceaselessly, and the lady had a dispirited air, which not all the efforts of her companion, Miss Serena Hopper, could dissipate.

This maiden lady was seated at a respectful distance, and in a general faded way resembled a bundle of old clothes.

Her head ached with the weary research for choice bits of news to please her patroness, whose appetite, in that respect, was like a cormorant. The life and doings of the poor artist on the fourth floor had lost their novelty. Even the history of his roasting a turkey at two o'clock at night, and how that poor biped had dangled his blue legs out of the window, suspended by a twine string, for days, failed to interest. What sympathy could so aristocratic a lady feel in a roistering Bohemian celebrating some turn of good luck by a late supper, washed down by beer drunk from a shaving-mug?

She tried the poor clergyman out for a cheap vacation, who washed his own linen, and wheedled a hot flat-iron out of the chamber-maid, on pretense of toothache. Mrs. Mickles frowned. "It was no subject for derision, the lamentable poverty of the servant of the Lord."

Miss Hopper chilled, felt conversation flagging, when suddenly a cab drove up to the door. Both ladies started. The maiden blessed a kind Providence, and went to the window. Mrs. Montgomery Mickles rubbed her eyeglasses, snapped them on her nose, and prepared to investigate.

A plain little woman, dressed in gray, descended; the driver passed in a small black trunk, took his fare and drove off.

"What a common-looking person!" said Mrs. Mickles, laying back in her chair, and snapping her eyeglasses together; "do go down, Hopper, and find out all about her—and where she came from. Mrs. Black does get the strangest-looking set together in this house. I don't know but I shall be driven up-town after all," continued the lady, in an aggrieved tone. "Daughter Jane declares her footman sneers audibly every time she drives here; and she is quite ashamed to have her carriage seen in so unfashionable a locality."

The obedient Hopper went on her mission, but returned with an excited air—even the tip of her virgin nose seemed flushed.

"Mrs. Black was very short in civil answers," was her report. "The lady's name was Grey, and her credentials good."

Mrs. Mickles was displeased, but there was no one to vent her wrath upon but the poor old maiden friend.

"I declare," said she, severely, "Hopper, you seem to be losing your faculties. There was a time when you knew something of what went on in this house."

Miss Hopper trembled with rage at this cruel stab. Had she cross-questioned the landlady, browbeaten the servants, peeped into keyholes, and listened at doors, at all times of day and night, to gratify the thirst for information of her lofty patroness, to receive this ungrateful return?

Had she not stripped off all the subtleties of genteel poverty, and left many of the inmates

of No. — as bare as Adam in the Garden of Eden? Overcome by the base ingratitude of the world, the maiden lady sought her desolate little attic. Perhaps she felt like the great Cardinal Wolsey, who mourned that he had not served the Lord as well as his ungrateful king.

Her life was not strewn with roses. Vainly chasing a shadow, and clinging to the great babel, hoping for something to "turn up"—that something meaning a husband—years of "hope deferred" had told their tale on a face never beautiful. With her small means she might have been comfortable and respectable in the country, while in the city she resorted to every petty expedient to live at all.

The weary day wore to its close, the dinner-bell rang, and the various denizens of the house assembled in the spacious dining-room. The new-comer, simply dressed in plain gray silk, was led in with great deference by Mrs. Black herself, and placed opposite Mrs. Mickles. That august personage stared when she was introduced, at once resenting such presumption. How dare any one pay attention to a stranger till she had stamped her with her approbation? With the most frosty civility she inclined her head, while the whole table looked on, and waited to take their cue. If she smiled on a new-comer, her social status was settled. If she frowned, he or she was ignored, and if she received with indifference, doubt and gloom overshadowed that horizon forever.

To be sure there was a small party in the house who sneered at Mrs. Mickles' pretensions. Led on by an energetic widow, Mrs. Crabstick, they had sometimes the hardihood to fraternize with whom they chose; and the lady was no ignoble leader—still connected with the fashionable world, although she had lost a large fortune in some speculation. Regarding Mrs. Mickles with a curiously sarcastic smile as she was presented to Mrs. Grey, she turned to that lady with the most graceful courtesy, and opened a pleasing and even brilliant conversation.

She explained the antecedents of the grand old dining-room, pointed out the rare beauty of the carved wainscoting, and the gothic windows with their stained glass; then reverted to the days of its pristine glory, when, forty years before, the frescoed nymphs on the ceiling looked down on stately banquets, attended by the fashion and wealth of the city—on the triumphs of French cookery and sparkling wines.

Unmindful of the very supercilious looks on the opposite side of the table, Mrs. Grey talked easily and well, and as time went on, seemed quite unmoved by that lady's icy reserve. Increased by jealousy, her rigidity became positive hostility.

Always first in the establishment, a nameless something convinced her that Mrs. Grey had entirely superseded her in the landlady's estimation. Trifling attentions and choice bits were absolutely passed by her. Irritating as it was, she was obliged to accept the condolences of her poor friend Hopper.

Perhaps this injured female appreciated the great Frenchman's sentiment, "of something pleasant in the misfortunes of our friends," but if so, she concealed it well, and, with uplifted hands, exclaimed:

"Have I lived to see you slighted in this house, of which you have been the main pillar and ornament so many years?"

"I shall have to leave, Hopper," said Mrs. Mickles, in a tragic tone; "and yet this is a grand old room," sighed the old lady, shaking her head. "I often tell daughter Jane her parlors on the avenue have not the style of this—a real Parisian *salon*. Look at the tinting of this delicate sea-green wall. The carved birds and flowers on the moldings, so richly gilt, and the mantelpieces, can't be equalled in New York. Cost old Jones a fortune. Ah! me, Hopper, you should have seen these rooms the night Clementina Jakes was married. I never saw such splendor. Amber velvet curtains, shaded with lace; such rare old Indian vases, such screens and cabinets; and the snowy lace dresses, the velvet robes, the diamonds and jewels, scintillating and flashing in the whirl of the dance, like a kaleidoscope of wonders."

The old lady wiped away a tear, and then resumed, "I was engaged to Tom Jones then, but he died—"

Miss Serena rubbed her eyes in sympathy. Suddenly both the ladies were roused from their melancholy train of reflection by the sound of a carriage.

"Good heavens!" said Mrs. Mickles, briskly, "where are my eyeglasses? There's liveried servants. It is the I— carriage, I do declare. Run quick, Hopper, to the head of the stairs, and listen. See if the servant asks for me," and the lady rushed to the glass to don her last new cap, breathlessly. Miss Hopper returned, consternation in her eyes.

"She asked for Mrs. Grey, and went into the reception-room, where she is talking with Mrs. Crabstick!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Mickles sank down speechless. Would wonders ever cease?

Here was the elegant and aristocratic Mrs. I—, who had declined all overtures to an acquaintance with "daughter Jane," who lived so near her on the avenue, calling on this woman. She roused from her lethargy as the front door closed, and she rushed to the window in time to see the little woman handed into the carriage, and driven off.

At first Mrs. Mickles laid all the blame on Miss Hopper, then on the landlady, who must have known this woman was somebody. At last, in a very unsettled state of mind, she betook herself to daughter Jane's, for the pleasure of talking over the matter.

Before she had time to begin her tale, the fashionable daughter detailed her scheme for a grand party, into which she would entice her neighbor, Mrs. I—, making her play the "open sesame" to the society of the upper ten, which she had vainly striven to enter. Although daughter Jane was rich, her horses the finest, and her house a palace, her husband

was a butter and cheese man, and hopelessly vulgar. His name, too, was dreadful—Timothy Muggins! There was a great English authoress staying in the city, *incog.*, a friend of Mrs. I—. If she could find out where she was, and invite her for the lion of the evening, success was in her hands.

Alas! a dreadful misgiving seized Mrs. Mickles, and the denouement was complete when the French maid came in with the desired information, obtained from the maid opposite, that Mrs. Grey was staying at No. —.

Mrs. Muggins exhausted herself in unflinching epithets on her old mother's stupidity. The fact was apparent, she might have known this pet of the English aristocracy, and had let the golden opportunity slip by forever.

Mrs. Montgomery Mickles, who prided herself on her knowledge of the world—her unbounded penetration—was mortified to the depths of her soul. She was seized with a nervous attack, and took to her room and her bed. Mrs. Grey was gone before she rose—a wiser woman than to trust to appearances ever again.

## FUNERAL OF THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.

THE mournful ceremonies attending the reception of the remains of the lamented George Peabody at Portland, Maine, have been fully described by the daily press, and freely illustrated in this journal. On the 29th of January (subsequent to the visit of Admiral Farragut and suite to the Monarch), the formal transfer of the body from that ship to American soil formed one of the most imposing naval pageants ever witnessed. The ships of the fleet were anchored off Fort Gorges, the stern of the Monarch turned toward the city. The procession consisted of the ship's boats of the Monarch, the Plymouth, the Mantonomah, the Terror, and the Mahoning—twenty-two in all—and was formed in double line.

At 10.45 the coffin was raised from its dais in the mortuary chamber by twelve picked seamen of the Monarch, drawn forward on a bier with wheels, brought up the main hatch by means of an inclined plane, and slowly lowered into the pavilion on the deck of the steam tender Leyden.

As the tender and launch simultaneously met off from the ship, firing commenced from one of the bow guns of the Monarch, to be taken up at intervals of two minutes by the Plymouth, by the 16-inch turret guns of the monitors, and by the guns of Fort Preble. Backing down first toward the monitors, the Leyden and the launch got into position, and steamed toward the double line of boats, pressing between their open ranks, while the oars were tossed aloft, and the band still played its solemn march.

On the arrival of the Leyden at the Atlantic Wharf the remains were borne by ten picked men from the Monarch, escorted by its officers, from the tender to the gate of the wharf, where it was received by the seamen of the revenue-cutter Mahoning, and conveyed to the hearse. The formal transfer of the remains from the custody of Great Britain to the custody of the State of Maine was then performed, Captain Commerell, of the Monarch, delivering his charge, and Governor Chamberlain receiving it. The military procession was quickly formed, and as the hearse was driven to its position, the line of march was taken up for the City Hall.

Arrived at an open space, which had been kept clear in front of the hall, the escort fell back, opened ranks, and presented arms, the carriages drove up and discharged their passengers, and the hearse moved forward to a draped platform, while the marines, on either hand, leaned with bowed heads on the butts of their muskets during the removal of the coffin. As the procession then ascended the steps of the elegant hall, and passed through the canopied corridors, the doors of the room of state flew open, and into the mournful chamber the remains of the philanthropist were borne by the American sailors, and placed upon the elegant catafalque, of which an accurate illustration was presented in our journal of last week. Here the body lay in state until Tuesday, February 1st, when it was transferred to Peabody, Mass., for sepulture in the family vault. The funeral train engine was elaborately draped, and its burden consisted of a baggage-car, five passenger cars for the artillery companies and their bands, the hearse-car, which had been cleared of its seats, and draped both outside and in, and three draped cars for the guests and relatives. When the coffin had been placed on its bier in the car, flowers laid upon it, and a guard of regular soldiers stationed by its side, the rest of the party took their places. The procession that had escorted the body to the depot broke up, and, to the music of a dirge, the cars moved slowly out of the depot.

The railway station of Peabody was draped with black, and flags floated from it at half-mast, edged with crape. A funeral-car, consisting of a draped platform of almost dizzy height, without canopy, awaited the remains, and the entire population of the surrounding country seemed to fill the streets. The car drew up before the Institute door, over which, among the emblems of mourning, hung the flags of England and America. The troops formed in line, and presented arms. The committees and the naval officers passed them and filed into the library, where the catafalque had been erected, and when twelve stout men had, with much difficulty, brought the coffin in after them, and the officers of the artillery had followed in a body, the assemblage quietly dispersed. There, in his favorite Institute, George Peabody's remains were deposited to rest for a week, when the funeral will take place.

The Chinese Delmonico of San Francisco is the Canton Chow-Chow Hong, just opened—a most gorgeous restaurant.

## NEWS BREVITIES.

ILLINOIS has a good ice crop.

DANDELIONS can be plucked in New Bedford.

DANDELIONS and mayflowers are in bloom in Nova Scotia.

ST. LOUIS is interested in \$23,848,000 worth of steamboat property.

GLYCERINE is said to be used extensively in the manufacture of wine.

A FOOT of snow would be worth \$30,000,000 to the New England loggers.

YOUNG bears from the Smoky Mountains sell to Knoxville butchers for \$5 each.

THE clergymen of Dover and Foxcroft, Me., are about to begin a series of temperance lectures soon.

THE American carpet-makers produce nine-tenths of all the carpets consumed in the United States.

THE lime-kilns in Rockland, Me., have suspended operations for the present, the market being amply supplied with lime.

THERE are only eleven families in Walworth County, Wisconsin, without the Bible. There are only eleven families in the county.

THERE were forty suits for divorce on the docket at the recent term of the Supreme Judicial Court for Cumberland County, Me.

IN 1869, McHenry County, Ill., paid for the "scalps" of forty-eight foxes, ten wolves, and one lynx, amounting in the aggregate to \$254.

THE Quincy, Missouri and Pacific Railroad Company advises for proposals to build the first five miles of the road west across the Mississippi bottom lands.

CITIZENS of Lower Peoria, Ill., talk of forming a vigilance committee, to rid that part of the town of burglars, garroters, etc. The police are woefully inefficient.

THE reading-room of Bowdoin College has been refitted, and furnished with the leading newspapers and periodicals of this country and the English reprints.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE man has, this winter, raised full-sized green peas on vines grown in his sitting-room, fed with water and air entirely, having no soil in which to root.

THE endowment fund of Adrian College, in Michigan, was a short time ago increased by the endowment of the chair of theology, to the amount of \$15,000, by a gentleman in Indiana.

HERFRIEDRICH HECKER, who took a leading part in the German revolution of 1848, has advertised his farm in Illinois for sale. Having received his pardon, he is about to return to Germany.

THE burglars who recently broke into the North Adams (Mass.) savings-bank, and stole all the papers of the bank and \$2,300, have effected a compromise with the directors, by which they return \$1,800.

THE New Hampshire State-Prison has recently been improved. New work-rooms, cells, hospitals, and better accommodation for women convicts, have been provided. The chapel has also been enlarged.

A NUMBER of the working-girls of Cincinnati have become ashamed of work, and carry books in their hands when passing along the street, in order to create an impression that they are attending school.

THE total valuation of the personal and real estate in Salem, Mass., is \$21,975,200, an increase of \$2,165,700 for the past year. Since 1864 the valuation has been increased over \$9,000,000. The city debt is \$1,408,500.

TWO strangers recently staid at a farmer's house at Grundy Centre, Iowa. The next morning one hired the farmer to take him to Steamboat Rock. During his absence the other ran away with his wife and children.

THE name of the Captain Smith who was murdered by an Alaska Indian at Fort Wrangel on Christmas Day was Leon Smith. He was well known in connection with efforts to introduce petroleum as fuel for steamers.

THE publishers of the principal Boston papers held a conference with Postmaster Burt last week by his invitation, at which measures to facilitate postal arrangement in connection with newspapers were talked over.

LAST March the ladies of Sedgwick village, Me., organized a society for "public improvement," and since that time have raised the sum of \$550. With the assistance of the Free Masons, they propose to erect a hall in the village.

NOT an inch of rain has fallen in some parts of Iowa in the last fifty days. There has been but one rain-fall in seven weeks, and that was on Sunday, the 16th of January. As a result, water-carts find profit in hauling at thirty-five cents a barrel.

A COLONY of one hundred families, from Nova Scotia, has settled at Rush City, Minn., on the line of the Lake Superior and Missouri Railroad. The men are engaged in chopping wood on the town site, and have cut five thousand cords this winter.

THE Union Pacific Railroad contemplate the construction of five hundred miles of snow-sheds this summer, for which purpose five millions of feet of lumber will be required. Fortunately there is an abundance of tall timber convenient to the saw-mills on the line of the road.

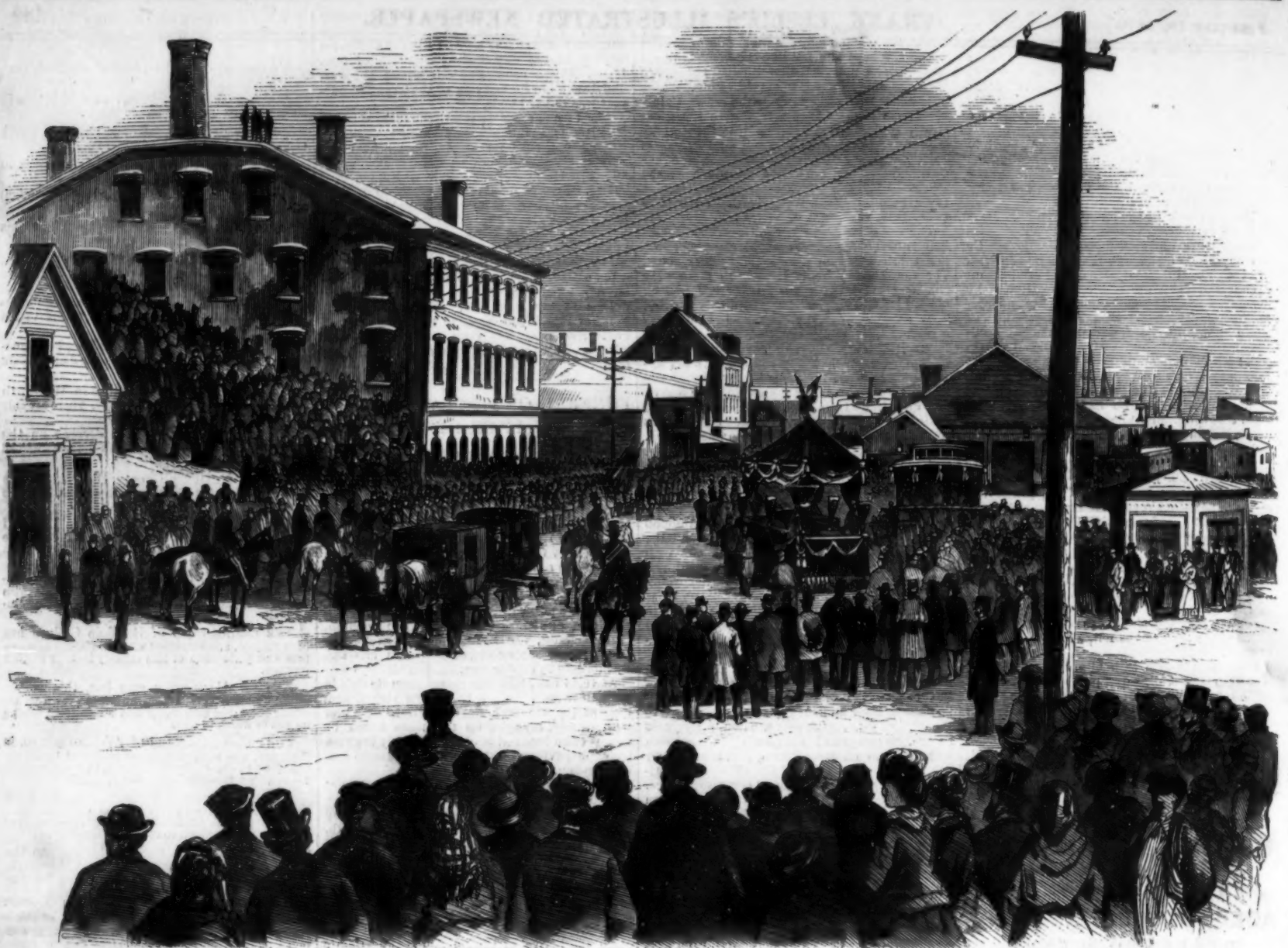
UNDER the present game laws of Illinois, it is unlawful to kill, trap, net or ensnare any deer, fawn, wild-turkey, grouse, prairie-hen or chicken, or quail, between January 1st and August 15th; woodcock, between January 1st and July 1st, and wild ducks, geese, or brant, between April 15th and August 15th of each year.

PARTIES in Petersburg, Va., have recently received orders for the purchase of Confederate money of a date anterior to 1864, and the "Index" of that city says that, whether for curiosity or for the sake of old times, or with the hope of ultimate redemption, a few thousands of millions are carefully stowed away there.

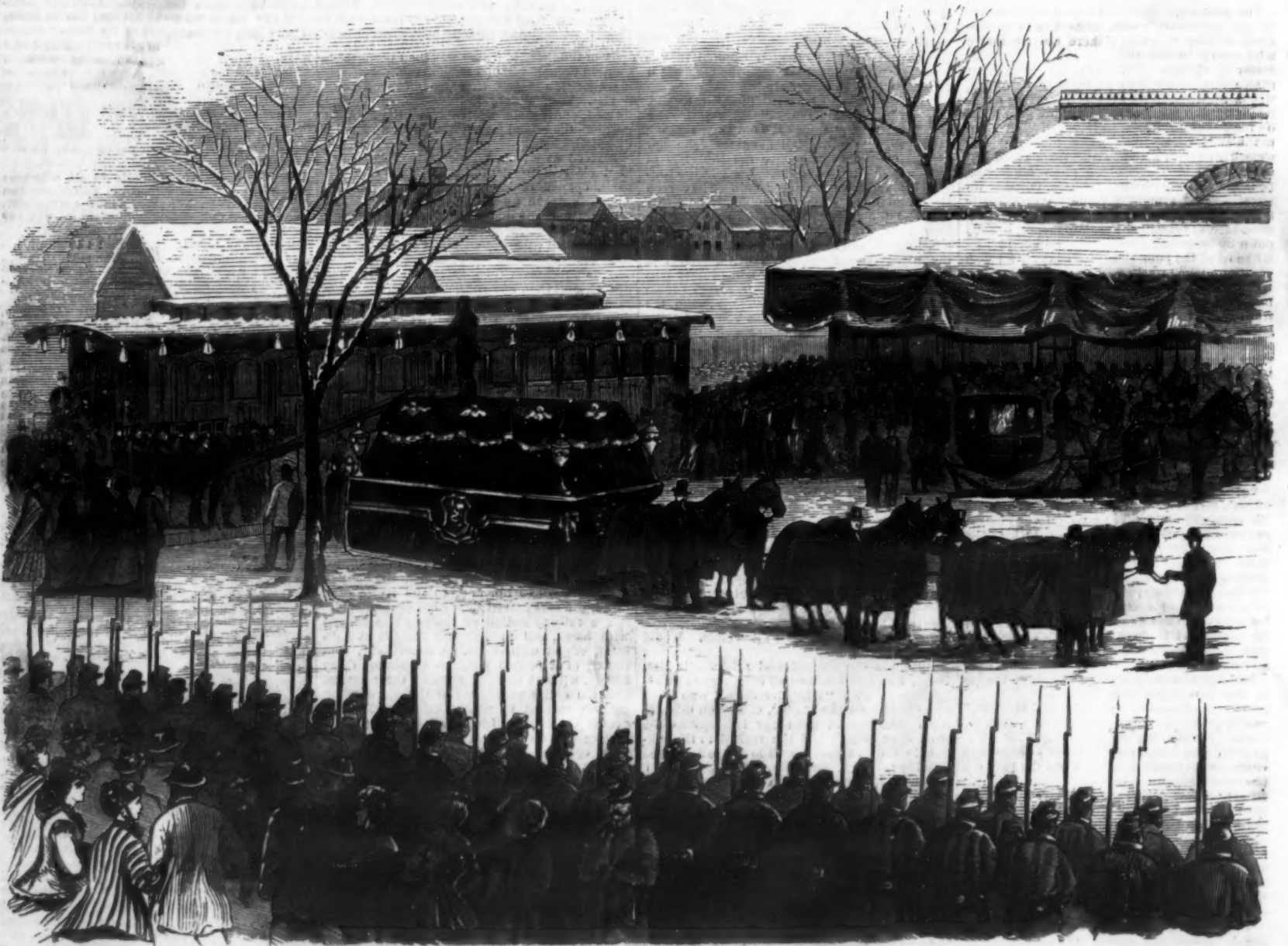
RECENT explorations in the Rocky Mountains have determined that the highest point in these mountains yet measured is Mount Harvard—fourteen thousand two hundred and seventy feet. The climate of the mount is represented as very peculiar. The rains, which are frequent, are always accompanied by thunder and lightning; when dry and clear, it resembles a tropical climate.

THE amount of salt received in bonded warehouses in Gloucester, Mass., and used in curing fish on board of fishing-vessels, in 1869, was \$1,898,163 pounds; duty saved, \$89,888.17; number of withdrawals, 1,560. The amount of salt received in bonded warehouses, and used on the wharves in curing fish, 6,736,324 pounds; duty paid, \$12,176.00. The total amount of salt used in the curing of fish, 28,650,687 pounds.





PORTLAND, MAINE.—THE PEABODY FUNERAL.—DEPARTURE OF THE REMAINS BY SPECIAL TRAIN FOR PEABODY, NEAR DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. F. KING.—SEE PAGE 387.



PEABODY, MASSACHUSETTS.—THE PEABODY FUNERAL.—ARRIVAL OF THE SPECIAL TRAIN WITH THE REMAINS.—SEE PAGE 387.





ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.  
OVERLAND SCENES.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

THE American Desert, as it used to be marked on our school-day maps, existed more in imagination than in reality; there are no seas of sand utterly barren and desolate, though for practical purposes there is a great deal of land that is utterly worthless. On the region known as the Desert, the principal productions are sage brush and mule rabbits. The sage brush—or bush—sometimes grows to a height of six or eight feet, and spreads out so as to form a shelter against the sun, but of very little use in a shower.

It will burn, though it does not make an enduring fire, and it furnishes a little nutriment to mules and oxen, though they will not eat it save when pressed with hunger. The mule rabbit lives among the sage bushes, and receives the first part of his name from the length of his ears, which are frequently the marks by which he is discovered. The work of building the railway across the Desert was not difficult, as there was very little grading to be done, and the line could be stretched as straight as a sun-beam from one side of the plain to the other, with here and there an exception.

Looking from the plain to the mountains, the picture is attractive by reason of the sharp contrasts. In all this region the mountains generally rise abruptly from the level ground; there are no outlying hills to entrance and carry the traveler gradually from one to the other, but the transition is as sudden as in going from the level waters of the Hudson against the face of the Palisades.

Weber Cañon is a wild gorge where the road winds along the bank of the Weber River, and frequently crosses from one side to the other. The mountains rise very steeply on either side,

and are exceedingly picturesque; in several places they shut in very closely upon the road, and seem half inclined to crush it out of existence. In surveying the route through this cañon, the engineers often found it difficult to get from rock to rock, and one of them said he would have given much had he possessed the power of flying. To lay out and build a railway through such a region as this is a triumph of skill, and no honor which has yet been

shown to the builders of the Pacific Railway excels what they deserve. Weber Cañon, Echo Cañon, and many other localities in the Black Hills, the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras, exhibit the marvels of engineering genius.

Travelers who have just made the journey across the continent, speak in praise of the certainty, security, and celerity of the voyage. Before the road was completed, fears were entertained by many persons that it could not be

operated steadily in winter, owing to obstructions from snow in the mountains. To the surprise of many, and to the delight of all, however, the trains have run regularly and in time all this winter, with a few unimportant exceptions, and this, too, in the face of the fact that the usual heavy snow-storms and cold weather have prevailed along the route. After the junction of the Union with the Central Pacific Road, in May last, the managers of the former company

set twelve hundred carpenters at work, and defended, either with snow-sheds or snow-fences, those portions of their line which had caused delay by snow drifting into them the previous winter.

These defenses have been quite successful in accomplishing the object sought. The snow-sheds on the Central Pacific Road, over the Sierra, are also a complete success, as has been previously shown, and the tourist or traveler can now take his seat in a palace or sleeping-car, at either ocean, and make the journey across the continent as quickly and with as much comfort and pleasure as in summer. Indeed, in some respects he can now make the trip with more pleasure than at any other season, because he will be free of annoyance from heat and dust—two drawbacks to complete railroad pleasure in warm weather. If he travels on the hotel-train, he need never get out of the cars, but can have the most luxurious breakfasts and dinners served as the locomotive speeds over the plains or labors over the mountains.

The Pacific Railway is a grand success—a triumph large enough to make a century prominent. It is revolutionizing the Pacific coast. Railroads are now either actually being built, or are projected there, for almost every county, and one great road is being pushed along the Sacramento, a river whose valley has a length of three hundred miles, and a width of one hundred miles. This valley is the garden of California, and when the road—the California and Oregon line—is completed through it, the



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE WEBER CANON.



Golden State will have several extra millions of surplus grain to spare for shipment to Europe or elsewhere, and will have added some thousands to its agricultural population.

## WATCHES AND WATCH CASES.

### STIFFENED OR "FILLED" GOLD CASES vs. SOLID GOLD CASES.

It will be apparent to any person who will considerately examine a heavy, solid gold Watch Case, that beyond or aside from the necessary thickness of gold for the engraving and engine-turning, the large proportion of the precious metal remaining is really needed only as a stiffening to hold the engraved portion in place, and give it strength enough to enable it to resist pressure from without by sudden knocks or falls, which would otherwise mutilate and mar the case and injure the movement. This large proportion of the gold adds greatly to the cost of a watch, while it is actually needless, so far as utility and beauty are concerned, as any one can testify who has observed old Watches that have been many years in wear, the engine-turning on which is worn smooth, while the "works" are often worn out entirely, or are so far beyond the watchmaker's skill as to be unreliable as time-keepers.

Such being the fact, then, if in place of this large amount of practically needless gold, a baser metal be substituted, the cost will be proportionately lessened, while the strength, solidity and beauty of the case remains intact.

On the other hand, large numbers of gold watches are made and sold, with cases so fragile, in order to reduce their cost to the lowest point, as to be almost unserviceable, and, in fact, many become entirely so after a few months' constant use—the covers having become sprung, so as not to shut or stay shut, the joints or hinges breaking out, or the heads and a portion of the centre rim tearing away—the gold having been reduced so extremely thin, as not to afford substance enough to allow of the edges being soldered together (or if such repairs can be made, it is only at the expense of the beauty of the case), and with the dents and marks that with the greatest care are continually accumulating—the wearer knows not how, or when they come—they gradually become so battered and unsightly, as to be anything but an object of pride or pleasure.

Now, if these cases had been stiffened with a lining of baser metal, the cost would have been little if any more, the need of costly repairs would have been avoided, and they would have remained handsome and undamaged for years, to the great advantage of both watches and owners.

For actual use and appearance, such a stiffened gold case would be worth far more than a thin one, and be equal to any fine solid gold one of the same thickness, and at one-half or one-third the price.

There is still another class of watch cases of poor low carat gold, which are finely finished, "made to sell"—and their purchasers find they are "sold" as soon as the outside coloring is worn off, which takes no very long time to accomplish.

The advantages, therefore, of buying a watch with a stiffened gold case, in preference to the solid one, are manifest. The actual cost is but one-half or one-third as much, and, consequently, one who considers the item of interest on his investment need not be reminded of the saving he will make in the course of ten years; while if lost by accident or the efforts of pickpockets, thieves, or burglars, the purchaser will still have the consolation of knowing that it would have been the same if it had been of solid gold, and the saving effected in the first instance will allow of the purchase of another of the same kind, at no larger, if as great a total cost as originally would have been incurred for a heavy solid gold watch.

Stiffened, or, technically speaking, "filled" gold watch cases of this description are now being made in Providence, R. I., by Messrs. J. A. Brown & Co., Watch Case Manufacturing, No. 58 Eddy street, under a patent granted Mr. George W. Ladd in June, 1867. They are made from thick plates of gold and nickel composition, "sweated" or welded together, forming a solid bar of metal, which, after being rolled to the required thickness, is made into watch cases of different grades.

The best grade is termed the extra quality, or one-half gold; the next, the first quality, or one-third gold. They are beautifully engraved and engine-turned, the same as solid gold cases, and in appearance cannot be told from them. The prices are correspondingly less according to quality.

They are all fitted with Mr. Ladd's improved spring forged from a single piece of steel, put in without screws, and so shaped that the pressure in opening or shutting the cover, bears upon the spring evenly at all points, giving quick and easy action, thus avoiding the great liability of breaking, and consequent cost of repairs, as in the old method of springing, with two springs fastened in with screws.

They have as yet been but slightly introduced to the trade of this city, though abroad they have a constantly increasing reputation and sale; but we can assure the public that they need but be seen and examined to be admired, and (when their advantages are understood) appreciated.

One of these cases, furnished with a good substantial movement, made by either of the American companies, for which they are more especially designed and adapted, makes a watch that will give the purchaser pleasure and satisfaction.

No person need hesitate to buy a case of this kind, made by the firm above-named, and it will not be a matter of special wonder if the Ladd Watch Case should, in the course of a few years, acquire a reputation and popularity second only to that of the American movement. Certainly for real genuine worth at a low cost, they cannot be too highly appreciated, and any person who intends purchasing a watch, will do well to ask their watchmaker or dealer for them, and judge for themselves. "Seeing is believing," saith the proverb.

The business office and saleroom of the firm is at No. 11 Maiden Lane, New York.—Providence Journal.

The Insurance Register; a record of the yearly progress and the financial position of the Life Insurance Associations of Great Britain, prepared by William White, Esq., of London, is one of the most carefully collated statistical works we have ever seen. The rapid increase of business in Life Insurance Companies demands the publication of such works, for the benefit of the companies themselves, no less than the general public. The efforts of Mr. White have been

directed to every branch of the business, and the result shows most satisfactorily the amount of work accomplished by, and the monetary condition of the various associations in the kingdom. The Register bears evidence of close and tedious study, and the fact that it has already passed through several editions, is the best proof of its usefulness.

CÆSAR covered his bald head and gray hair with a laurel crown. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR covers gray heads with the still more welcome locks of youth.

## Pimples on the Face.

Comedones, Black Worms, Grubs, Pimples, Eruptions and Blotched Disfigurements on the face, originate from a Suppressed Secretion, and are positively cured by Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It tones the skin, prevents wrinkles, opens the pores, exudes morbid secretions, cures all eruptions of the skin, and contains no Lead Poison.

Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, 40 Bond Street, New York. Sold by all druggists. 750-61

General William Mahone's Biography in Frank Leslie's "Chimney Corner," No. 247, issued February 8, is one of the most curious sketches in his famous Gallery of Self-made Men.

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**PASCALITY VENTILATED.**—In addition to all former aids in exposing swindling and humbug, the "Star Spangled Banner" has engaged one of the most talented reporters in N. Y. city, to write up all the new tricks and traps of swindledom, expressly for this paper. He will search out and ventilate every attempt at swindling. These letters will be worth for the year \$10 to any one. Remember the "Banner" is a large, illustrated, 8 page paper, brimming with real live reading. There is nothing old-fogy, dry, or stale about it. Overflowing with Wit, Humor, Fun, and good things generally, it is the cheapest, raciest, richest and wittiest sheet ever published. The entire press of the country pronounce it unapproachable, except a few weekly, swindle-supporting, semi-silly and religious sheets, which, lacking half the circulation or power of the "Star Spangled Banner," can but howl in their impotent rage at its wonderful, unparalleled success. You want it. Your wife needs it; your children will read its pages over and over again; 400 long columns yearly. ALL FOR 75 CENTS ONLY. The superb steel plate "Evangeline" we will send on roller GRATIS to every subscriber. An elegant parlor ornament one and one-half by two feet in size. Money refunded if you are not perfectly satisfied. Specimens 6 cents. Send 75 cents to "STAR SPANGLED BANNER," Hinesdale, N. H.

Frank Leslie's "Chimney Corner" is on sale every Monday at all news depots. Single copies, 10 cents; subscription, \$4 a year.

**Holloways Ointment and Pills.**—The first cures old sores and ulcers after every other remedy has failed; while the second instill more strength and richness into the blood than a hundred times the same weight in food.

I WAS cured of Deafness and Catarrh by a simple remedy, and will send the receipt free. Mrs. M. C. LEGGETT, Hoboken, N. J. 751-55 cew

Boys and girls everywhere take to Frank Leslie's "Boys' and Girls' Weekly" as the paper that just suits them. For sale everywhere Wednesday. Price five cents; two dollars and a half a year.

## Ladies & Gentlemen

OUT OF THE CITY, TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE AND SEND TO

E. A. BROOKS, & Co.

Importer and Manufacturer of

BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

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### Directions for Measuring the Foot.

First. Place the foot on a piece of paper and trace the outline of same with a pencil, which will give the length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure A. Second. Make the following measurements, in inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown in figure B, viz: 1st.—The Ball of the Foot. 2d.—The Low Instep. 3d.—The High Instep. 4th.—The Heel. 5th.—The Ankle. 6th.—The Calf.



This House is the largest in the City, and was established in 1848.

"Mindha; or, The Thug's Daughter," in Frank Leslie's "Chimney Corner," is a strangely fascinating story of English rule in India. To omit reading it is to lose a treat indeed.

## \$10 Watches!

HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, will dispose of one hundred Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs of six first-class makers, at extremely low prices, for cash, during this month, or will take from \$5 to \$25 monthly until paid; the same to let, and rent money applied if purchased. New Chickering Pianos are included in this offer.

"The Little Bell-Ringer; or, The Dismal Keep of Castletower," is a capital story, just begun in Frank Leslie's "Boys' and Girls' Weekly."

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Send 10 cents for Illustrated Pamphlet, with Photographic Likenesses of bad cases before and after cure. off Dr. SHERMAN, 697 Broadway, cor 4th St.

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Frank Leslie's "Chimney Corner" contains every week the portrait and biography of a distinguished American who owes his success to his own unaided exertions.

**BOOSEY'S HALF-DOLLAR OPERAS** for the Piano-Forte, complete, with overture, etc., each 50 cents, mailed free, now ready: AFRICAINE, BALLO MASCHERA, BARBER OF SEVILLE, BARBE BLEUE, BELLE HELENE, BOHEMIAN GIRL, CRISPINO, DON JUAN, DOMINO NOIR, DON PASQUALE, FAUST, FIGARO, FIDELIO, FREISCHUTZ, GRAND DUCHESS, LUCREZIA, MARTHA, NORMA, ROBERT LE DIABLE, RIGOLETTO, SONNAMBULA, TRAVIATA, TROVATORE, WILLIAM TELL, ZAMPA, FRA DIAVOLO, etc. Or elegantly bound in extra cloth, gilt, \$1 each. Suitable for presents. BOOSEY & CO., No. 644 Broadway, N. Y. f

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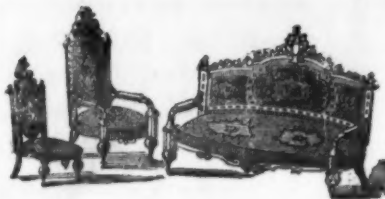
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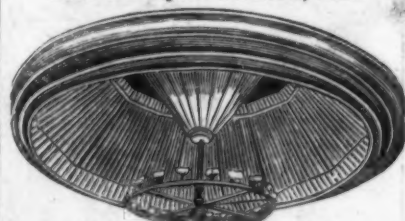
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